The Spectator

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

MR. CHURCHILL'S speech about the coal dispute in the House of Commons on Tuesday was in a new key. It might have been spoken by the Prime Minister. It was forthcoming and helpful and was notable for Mr. Churchill's steady and unusual refusal to make use of the numerous bright and clever debating points with which the debate presented him. The meeting of the Miners' delegates, at which it is hoped some policy will emerge, will take place on Thursday after we have gone to press. We earnestly hope that the miners will respond to Mr. Churchill's appeal that they should produce something which will make a basis of negotiations. There is clearly an opportunity of peace, and the vicissitudes of the dispute have brought it about that in spite of the mistakes which have been committed by all sides in the past the responsibility of ensuing peace or spurning it rests immediately upon the miners. Public patience would be tried past endurance if the miners deliberately said "We prefer war to peace."

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Good though the opportunity is for a settlement with the freshly promised help of the Government, we must admit that the conditions are not by any means favourable for the drafting of a sensible policy by the miners. The Federation is at sixes and sevens, and Mr. Cook, who during the past few days has appeared in a peaceful guise, which we appreciate, is in direct conflict with the much less volatile but also more enduring Mr. Herbert Smith. It is the old story of Tear'em being a good dog but Holdfast a better—though in this case, of course, Holdfast has got hold of the wrong quarry which will kill him if he eats it.

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We must now look back briefly over the events which led up to the new situation. On Thursday, August 26th, the officials of the Miners' Federation met the Minister of Labour and the Secretary for Mines in London. The miners had specially asked for this meeting and Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland had come hurriedly from Scotland and Colonel Lane Fox from Yorkshire. Unhappily the meeting resulted in nothing. The surprise of the meeting was that Mr. Churchill was present and took control of the proceedings. The miners renewed the hopeless demand for a subsidy which, as was to be expected, Mr. Churchill steadily and emphatically refused. But to be quite fair we ought to say that apparently the miners were thinking as much of a loan as of a subsidy. Mr. Churchill assumed from the beginning that the two things were indistinguishable and treated them as such. To us it seems that a reasonable distinction may be made.

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Mr. Churchill pointed out to the miners that the coal stoppage, though it had had most serious results, had not held up the life and industries of the country to anything like the extent that might have been anticipated. In these circumstances did the miners really suppose that they could gain anything by an obstinate continuance of the fight? Mr. Churchill has been accused by the miners of having spoken brutally and with threats, but the facts are exactly as he stated them. He would have been wrong to treat the miners as children. Moreover as Chancellor of the Exchequer it was his duty to speak of such things. As we were not at the meeting we cannot judge exactly of his tone, but there can be no doubt now, in the light of his speech in the House of Commons on Tuesday, that the Government are ready to spring to action again if only the miners will give them a pretext.

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The immediate result of the meeting on Thursday, August 26th, was that Mr. Smith said "I will fight a bit yet," but Mr. Cook issued a statement the next day to the effect that he was convinced that at least "some Ministers" wanted "the great struggle to be ended in an honourable way, which would not leave bitterness and unrest." Therefore he had come to the conclusion that it was for the miners to consider whether they should put forward definite proposals. If the delegates' conference follow the advice of Mr. Cook they will produce acceptable proposals; if they follow Mr. Smith they will not. That is the situation when we write.

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On Monday the Executive of the Miners' Federation met in London, but nothing was decided except that the delegates' conference must bear the responsibility, which is too much for the Executive. It is said that a

majority of the Executive sided with Mr. Smith against Mr. Cook. After this meeting the Executive met the Parliamentary Labour Party under the Chairmanship of Mr. MacDonald. This was the first time that the miners had asked for the advice of the Parliamentary Labour Party. It was one of the many signs that the Miners' Executive is in a desperate state. In the Midlands more miners are returning to work every day, and if something new does not happen quickly to stop the rot the Federation will collapse.

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In the House of Commons on Tuesday the debate was opened by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who called upon the Government to summon a conference on the coal dispute with "an open agenda." Mr. Lloyd George supported Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He thought that the Government ought "to make inquiries as to the real drift of opinion" and base upon these inquiries their own terms of settlement. Mr. Churchill replied that the Government had tried again and again to bridge the gap but that they could not do so unless the materials for a bridge were supplied by the owners and the miners. All that the Government wanted was something which they could "take hold of" and use as the basis of a new situation. They had by no means shut their minds to the possibility of further action, but neither the owners nor the miners were helping them. "Give us a subsidy!" said the one side; "Leave us alone!" said the other.

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Nevertheless Mr. Churchill hoped that Thursday would produce what was required. He certainly said a helpful and important thing when he stated the opinion of the Government that the question of national or district agreements would "never be allowed to stand in the way of a settlement." It may be that by the time a settlement is reached many district agreements will be in existence, but it ought to be possible to combine various agreements in the districts with some national governing principle. On Tuesday at the House of Commons Mr. Churchill met representative owners privately, and he is said to have talked plainly to them. If the owners use their victory harshly they will help Socialism and gravely set back the cause of industrial conciliation.

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Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, who has retired from the editorship of the *Daily Herald*, published on Monday, the day before his departure, an article entitled "Nothing but the Truth," on which he is to be congratulated. He pointed out that the miners committed an act of folly in refusing the Samuel Memorandum. There was never any likelihood of their getting better terms, and now they are in danger of getting much worse. It was because the General Council of the Trades Union Congress recognized the folly of the miners that it called off the General Strike. In Mr. Fyfe's opinion the Trades Union Congress was perfectly right not to allow the interests of the unions as a whole to be sacrificed to the minority movement in the coal fields. The result of this declaration was that on Monday night a band of Communists held a hostile demonstration in front of the *Daily Herald* office, but Mr. Fyfe refused to yield any points to them. We note that the new Editor of the *Daily Herald* is Mr. William Mellor, who, after taking his degree at Oxford, worked in the Fabian Research Department. Later he joined the Communist party, but resigned from it; he refused to serve in the War, and since the War he has been Mr. Fyfe's assistant.

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The signs are good for the entry of Germany as a permanent member of the League Council. Great Britain has held, apparently with success, to the view that the number of permanent seats in the Council should not be increased. Spain and Poland, therefore, will have to be contented with "semi-permanent" membership under Lord Cecil's scheme if they should be voted to that position by the Assembly. Of course, Spain may follow the example of Brazil and retire from the League altogether, but she would lose more than she would gain by such action, and we hope that she will stay where she is. In the meantime Lord Cecil's scheme for a more regular rotation among the non-permanent members of the Council and for the creation of a semi-permanent group has come in for a good deal of discussion. M. Fromageot, the French delegate on the Commission, proposed that when the Assembly was electing non-permanent members of the Council the voters should, on the same ballot paper, be able to recommend any nation as "re-eligible."

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Any nation is re-eligible in any case, and the mere label "re-eligible" would do nothing to ensure re-election. What, then, does M. Fromageot's proposal mean? Frankly we can discover in it no meaning of practical value. A compromise was eventually reached by which the word "re-eligible" was politely retained, but it will be applied to a different procedure. When, in accordance with Lord Cecil's scheme, the Assembly has elected three non-permanent members for three years, three for two years, and three for one year, there will be a special ballot at which only three of the nine shall be designated as "re-eligible" for a second term. Presumably, as the special correspondent of the *Times* says, the three designated will be the three who have been elected for three years. Thus from the beginning the members of a "semi-permanent" class will be indicated.

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The claim of Spain to a Protectorate at Tangier seems to be fading away. French coldness dealt it a blow from which it could hardly recover, but the British reply has probably finished it. Great Britain has said that she is quite willing to reopen the Tangier question, but that the assent of the other Powers concerned must be obtained, and that the discussion cannot possibly take place till the League session is over. This is good sense from every point of view. When France and Italy show that they want a conference, Great Britain need not raise any objection. The truth is that the Tangier Convention of 1923 has never been regarded here as very satisfactory. Italy ought certainly to have received more consideration. There will be no harm in discussion when the matter cannot be confused with questions about membership of the League Council.

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The latest news from China is disturbing and as usual perplexing. There has been a marked advance of the Cantonese Red forces northwards into the Yangtze valley. Yochow, a large city in the Hunan province, has fallen, and it is reported that Hankow is threatened if it has not already fallen. These events may change the whole situation. It was from Central China that Wu Pei-fu drew his strength, and it seems that while he was in the north co-operating with Chang Tso-lin outside Peking the garrisons which he left behind have been unequal to the challenge from the South. Perhaps we must now expect a further development of Red influences and a worse time than ever for Hong Kong. Possibly the Red success will tempt back from Moscow

Feng, the Christian General. The Shanghai army is co-operating against the Cantonese, and this fact may bring to Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu the most important ally that they can desire, namely, Sun Chaun-fang, but his terms are likely to be high, and neither Chang nor Wu will gladly see the other helped by a third party.

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The wretched so-called Central Government in Peking is at its wits' end for money with which to exist, but Sir Francis Aglen has not failed to do his obvious duty of refusing to allow the Customs to be used as security for any new loans to them. A strong Note from the United States must also have made the Chinese pause in their proposals. Belgium is also making a stand against a wholly unjustified intention of China to denounce the existing Treaty between those countries. The European Powers, the United States and Japan are faced with difficulties that we do not minimize, but we fear that they are not prepared to treat firmly and unanimously with any Government worth the name that may arise. They ought to make ready for that moment by a revival of the Washington Conference or by any better means that they can devise.

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On Thursday, August 26th, the Turkish Tribunal of Independence condemned to death for a conspiracy against the life of the President of the Turkish Republic four of the surviving leaders of the Committee of Union and Progress. These were Javid Bey, Dr. Nazim Bey, Hilmi Bey and Nail Bey. They were hanged the same evening. Thus are removed the last of the men who successfully revolted against Abdul Hamid, and who at the time deceived a large part of Europe into believing that the new movement was one of liberalism and enlightenment. The French Revolution is repeated in miniature; the executioners are executed.

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It was thought up to the last moment that Javid Bey might be saved. He was never ruthless and unscrupulous in the same degree as his colleagues, and he was undoubtedly a man of ability in finance. At the trial he delivered a long speech in his own defence which the *Times* correspondent says was admitted by everyone to be magnificent. It may be placed in future in that surprising category of great orations delivered when the speakers were practically under sentence of death. With Dr. Nazim one had less sympathy. He was one of the most brutal of the Young Turks. Because the Armenians stood in the way of his Neo-Turanian ambitions he deliberately destroyed them. This monster has now gone the way of the more engaging Talaat and the more dashing Enver, and the Committee of Union and Progress is but a name to go down to history.

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There has been some disagreeable rioting at Colmar in Alsace. How much of this was directly due to the Heimatbund we cannot say. We regret the trouble, but we cannot feel surprised. We publish elsewhere an article by Sir Robert Donald, who has lately been on the spot. The French seem to forget the change in the population through two generations. The brutal annexation of the provinces by Germany in 1871 and her unsympathetic methods of government led to a steady exodus of all such Frenchmen as were not tied to the land. Their places were just as steadily filled by the Germans, Prussian officials and so on. Paris has given deep offence, as we feared she would, by the handling of the question of religious teaching, and a narrow insistence on the French language.

We regret to record the death of Dr. J. G. Adami, who has been Vice-Chancellor of Liverpool University since 1919. He did admirable administrative and other work there. He was a pathologist of great eminence in his profession, which recognized the value of his teaching and writing. He illustrated strikingly how learning transcends the boundaries of countries. He had studied in Continental schools and had been Professor of Pathology at McGill University and served during the War as Medical Historical Recorder with the Canadian troops. He will therefore be missed far beyond Liverpool, and the loss to the scientific side of his profession is severe.

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On Monday Herr Wierkotter swam the Channel in nearly two hours less than Miss Ederle's "record" time. Three days before Herr Wierkotter's performance, Mrs. Corson, an American, had also swum across. One fancies that experience has shown better ways than before of using the tides. Better organization is no doubt also a great help, but one wonders what kind of commercialization of swimming lies cunningly behind all these attacks on the now hopelessly defeated Channel. Another event in sport worth mentioning is that after twenty-two years the county championship in cricket has returned to Lancashire. The Yorkshire eleven cannot equal the percentage of Lancashire even if they win their remaining match, but they have certainly had bad luck, as they are an unbeaten side.

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We have an interesting and, as we venture to think, a very pleasing announcement to make to our readers. With our issue dated September 18th, and with the six following issues, we shall publish a Supplement containing a translation of the most interesting portions of a book entitled *My Early Life* which has just been written by the ex-German Emperor. The *Spectator* has bought the British serial rights of this book, and except in the *Spectator* none of the ex-Kaiser's autobiography will appear in Great Britain until it is published in book form by Messrs. Methuen later in the year. After reading the book we can honestly say that it is a document of extreme interest. It deals with the author's life up to the time when he became Emperor. This being so, there will be no question of our having to perform the disagreeable duty of traversing the statements of such a book as the ex-Kaiser would undoubtedly write if he were defending his War policy. *My Early Life* has nothing to do with the War. It has historical importance because it describes the methods by which a German Emperor was trained. We see here the beginnings of the process which ended in disaster. The author is perfectly frank. He gives his opinions of his contemporaries, including his relations. He describes fully his father's tragic illness and writes indignantly of the medical treatment, incidentally involving a famous English name. He describes his first brushes with Bismarck and his own foreshadowing of a naval policy. Each supplement will be in effect a booklet which will provide our readers with a great deal to entertain and inform them apart from the ordinary reading in the *Spectator* which will keep, of course, to its usual form and size.

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Bank Rate, 5 per cent., changed from 4 per cent. on December 3rd, 1925. War Loan (5 per cent.) was on Wednesday 101 $\frac{3}{16}$; on Wednesday week 101 $\frac{3}{16}$; a year ago 101 $\frac{13}{16}$. Funding Loan (4 per cent.) was on Wednesday 85$\frac{7}{8}$; on Wednesday week 86$\frac{1}{8}$; a year ago 89$\frac{1}{4}$. Conversion Loan (3$\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.) was on Wednesday 74$\frac{1}{4}$; on Wednesday week 76 $\frac{15}{16}$; a year ago 76 $\frac{7}{16}$.

TOPICS OF THE DAY

THE SPIRIT OF THE LEAGUE

IT is essential that Germany should come into the League of Nations within the next few days as a permanent member of the Council. Too long the League has been open to the reproach that it was a mere committee of conquerors. In spite of its one-sided composition, which for a certain period (that is to say, until Germany qualified for membership) was inevitable, the League has done extremely useful work. But the time has come when it must change its character in the prescribed manner or diminish its prestige—and perhaps perish.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the harmony of Europe depends upon the League being a congress of various nations and not a group of allies. The whole object of the League is to bring the nations together to air their troubles in such a way that these may never fester into sores. This provides the best possible chance of keeping the peace. Why we have objected vehemently to the proposal of Spain that consideration for her claims at Tangier should be regarded as the price of her complaisance at Geneva is that this policy is entirely foreign to the spirit of the League. Never was a more gloomy and hopeless marriage than that of the claim to permanent membership of the Council (which ought to be settled in a few hours) and the claim of supremacy at Tangier, which might not be disposed of for years. It raises every Mediterranean problem, it strikes back into past centuries, it would unsettle several international agreements.

Every matter which comes before the League should be presented to it as an issue to be discussed purely on its merits. Every nation which resorts to bargaining outside the doors of the Palace at Geneva, and casts its vote not on the merits of the case debated, but as the result of some preliminary accommodation, is playing false to the League. The Assembly has been given full control over the methods of election to the Council, and we have a right to expect that the Assembly's votes should be cast sincerely, should mean exactly what they seem to mean, and should not be the result of bartering on entirely extraneous subjects.

If, as we hope and believe will happen, Germany alone becomes a permanent member of the Council next week, we shall have brought somebody in from "the other side." This act should mean the end of the old arrangement under which the Powers of Europe sorted themselves very definitely into rival groups which held an almost exact balance. That, of course, was one way of avoiding war, and in its time and place it was not a bad way. To Canning and Castlereagh it was by far the best available. But we have passed beyond the point where mere expedients can serve as principles, and the inclusion of Germany must be regarded at once as a symbol and a guarantee of a wiser epoch, even though we must look upon America and Russia as only dimly prospective members of the Council. Even from the lowest point of view it is desirable that Germany should join us. We may find safety while she is, if only nominally, an acknowledged member of the European family; we should find none if she were left to roam in outer darkness, perhaps making dangerous friends by chance in "the forests where bandits live" on her eastern borders.

The function which Germany will have to discharge will be tremendously important. Much, very much, will depend upon it. She may concentrate upon her private grievances and use her new position for no other purpose than to redress them. On the other hand, she may act on the far larger and better, and in the end most profitable, principle that her greatest interest is to see that the League really serves the ends for which it was designed. If Germany conducts herself as a good Leaguer we may well have high hopes for the future. It is at least encouraging to gather from the recent debates in the Reichstag that this is what Germany wants to do. A terrible responsibility will rest upon any Power which drives her back upon the old conviction that the greatest advantages are to be obtained by an anti-European policy.

THE OBSOLETE STRIKE

AFTER the humiliating experiences we have had in the coal dispute we are at least entitled to hope that such hurricanes of ill wind will blow some good to somebody. We have no doubt that the people who stand to gain most in the long run, if it has at last been proved to them that the strike is a method of disaster, are the wage-earners themselves.

We sometimes wonder whether they, or perhaps we should say those who commonly represent them, have been stricken with blindness. In international affairs Labour is pacifist. It does not believe in war because it became convinced long ago that nothing is to be gained by it. Everybody loses by war. Even the winner has to pay. It is a mystery, then, why Labour should not apply the same argument to industrial disputes. In industry arbitration and conciliation are very much simpler and much more readily available than they are in international affairs.

The excuse for the makers of strikes is, of course, that they have no other weapon, or at all events no weapon that is comparable in efficacy. That may have been true once, but it is obvious that it is no longer true. Under the grinding conditions of the middle of the nineteenth century strikes may have been, and probably were, valuable as a challenge, as a defiance, as an appeal to justice. But now trade unionism is highly organized and can be powerfully represented in any court of arbitration which the wage-earners care to choose. It is well known that on the whole the best conditions over long periods have been secured by trades in which strikes are practically unknown; in those industries the hand workers have accumulated the largest savings, both in their private purses and in the treasuries of their unions.

That useful organ, *Industrial Peace*, has published leaflets which set forth with the devastating force of literal statement, for there is no garnishing, no rhetoric, the appalling results of strikes in the millions of days of work lost, in the effect on employment throughout the country, and in the slender results obtained. Even when the results were good from the point of view of the wage-earners, these results could have been obtained by peaceful methods. The strikers won because their cause was just and could have been proved to be so by the publicity of inquiry and arbitration.

The sanest Labour leaders no longer believe in strikes. Mr. J. H. Thomas has said that "no nation which is constantly having a pistol pointed at its head by its own people can live." Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has written: "How foolish it is, how childish! Surely these things can be arbitrated!" Mr. Clynes has said: "It should be the business of all who love their country to educate the people out of the thought of strikes and lock-outs."

Let it be granted, then, that we cannot complain

of or wonder at the strikes of a relatively prehistoric age in industry. But as in the case of nations, so in the case of industries a stage is reached where the mechanism is so complicated and so sensitive that violence is not a thing of which the effects are either calculable or brief. Paralysis in one industry makes semi-paralysis spread over nearly all other industries. Just because the strikers themselves are citizens and consumers and taxpayers, they hit themselves much harder than they hit anybody else. The strike, we repeat, is out of date. Consider in the international sphere the analogy of Germany. Bismarck believed that violence would serve him, and up to a point he was right, and he succeeded. By the famous series of wars, the Danish, the Austro-Prussian and the Franco-Prussian, he united the German States and created the German Empire. The game, however, was played too long. The policy was continued in 1914. We know the result.

The wage-earners seem to be blind, again, to the remarkable change in the whole industrial philosophy of employers. Only stupid and backward employers (who are rapidly becoming laughing stocks, if not objects of contempt) believe that successful industry can be conducted nowadays by indifference to the well-being of the hand-workers. Surely the workers ought to have the sense to take occasion by the hand and make use of this remarkable opportunity. We firmly believe that employers and employed never had such possibilities of prosperity before them as they have now, if only they could unite. The reverse is equally true, that without constructive co-operation they are threatened with a greater failure than was even dreamed of in the old days when British trade seemed to have a momentum that would last for ever.

Labour would be wise to help while it can to inaugurate a new era. We non-Socialists do not deny the right to strike, we only point out the folly of striking. Socialism, as we have been told by some of the most eminent Socialists, would have a very different method of treating the strike. Mr. Sidney Webb has said that if the State was the employer certain amenities, such as good things to eat and drink and smoke, would be withheld from those who rebelled against their benevolent master. During the coal strike of 1921, Mr. Bernard Shaw declared that such a state of things would not be tolerated for an instant by a Socialistic State. A non-Socialist does not contemplate inflicting a loss of personal freedom on any man; but he does think that the Labour leaders owe it, as a duty to their country, to point out to their followers, on the one hand, the innumerable advantages which have been gained by the machinery of conciliation, and by legislation that has been the outcome of open and helpful discussion in the House of Commons, and on the other hand, the vast losses that have been the result (chiefly to the wage-earners themselves) of strikes and the withholding of constructive co-operation.

In every session of Parliament the Opposition demands frequent days for discussing the failure of the Government of the day to deal with unemployment. We suggest that the most fruitful discussion upon which Parliament could possibly engage would be upon what strikes have done to thwart the small achievements of statesmen and to create and multiply unemployment so that no Government has ever yet been able to overtake and extinguish this prairie-fire of voluntary industrial destruction.

For classified professional, educational, and trading announcements, see pages 362-363.

THE MALAISE OF MADAME ALSACE

By Sir Robert Donald, G.B.E.

MADAME ALSACE is going through another crisis in her domestic affairs—suffering from a sort of domestic complex. She is not satisfied with things as they are; she wants to get more of her own way without going to the length of a political separation. Her *malaise*, as it is called, is attracting the attention of onlookers who are mostly sympathetic.

Fifty years ago Madame Alsace had to endure a forced marriage. She was torn from the bosom of her family. A powerful masterful fellow seized her. He asked no one's approval; he paid not the slightest attention to her wishes. It was like being put into a strong room with the doors locked. The family and the overlord had some things in common; they understood each other's speech, their social habits and cultured tastes did not differ much; but they were for all that at daggers drawn in their opinions and in their ideals. The new head of the house had no use for opinions. He was a hard taskmaster. He was also a hard worker. He improved things. The household was well equipped. The family prospered. Things were run on a system. By and by, Madame was more satisfied with the system which brought her comfort, but she never became reconciled to the *régime* behind the system. She lived in a state of civic bondage. She yearned to return to her old friends who had never ceased to make up to her, and she had never stopped loving them.

Then came the tragedy and the way to freedom. The dominating masterful man who ran things his way was knocked out. Then came the happy reunion. Wedding bells rang, the tricolour flew triumphantly, bands played the old patriotic tunes. Madame looked forward to entering the paradise of her dreams—Freedom and domestic bliss.

It was some time before the new household could settle down. The new head was having an uphill task. Order and system were rather lacking. Madame began to lose the grip which she held over her purely family affairs; her influence in the new partnership was discounted; her knowledge was not appreciated. The old master knew what he wanted and did it, sometimes harshly and even brutally, but he made things move—also there was always an abundance of material comforts. The new head floundered about in an unorderly way. He was severe but not capable. He was irritating and not reasonable. He took no account of the fact that fifty years had passed since they had lived with each other. He wanted her and her family to blot out the past—all associations, souvenirs, influences of half a century, to forget their native language and the customs of centuries. Everything had to be different and at once.

In order to work the transformation speedily the new master brought in a lot of assistants who knew nothing of local conditions instead of using members of Madame's household who had been well trained and knew how to manage things. Misunderstandings crept in and friction followed. To begin with, the newcomers could not speak the language of the family and the family were also not allowed to use it among themselves, although it had been their speech for centuries and only a few of them knew any other. The new system did not start well. It was impossible to wipe out the past—not only the past fifty years but centuries during which customs had grown up, the language had become fixed and family characteristics ingrained. Madame had a literature and a culture which she had cherished and saw nothing incompatible in keeping the things which had always been her own

and at the same time serving her new master with loyalty and devotion in all the larger things appertaining to his country and the outside world. But he did not try even to meet her; he gave her feelings little consideration or sympathy. On the contrary under his management, or mismanagement, some things became very much worse. Trade was not so good, administration was less efficient and taxes were higher. Madame's kinsmen were not allowed to occupy positions where they could have helped to make things go better. They were shut out, looked at with suspicion just as they had been under the former master. And no one on the spot had authority to settle any question; everything had to be referred to the distant capital.

These are some of the causes which have upset Madame Alsace and created dissatisfaction in her household. She has a case for breach of promise and puts forward a claim for more domestic freedom and the right to manage her own affairs in harmony with her customs, opinions and ideals. Alsace has been bandied about, bought and sold by kings, conquered and reconquered, but through all the changing centuries her characteristics have persisted. It is her determination to preserve them that has made her start a Heimatbund—an association the aim of which is the preservation of her national characteristics—to which members of her family regardless of their social station and their political colour are giving support.

Strasbourg, August, 1926.

DOSTOYEVSKI ON DRAMATIZED NOVELS

A DRAMATIZED version of Dostoyevski's *The Idiot* has just been produced at the Barnes Theatre.* By a curious coincidence, a Russian newspaper edited abroad has just published a letter, hitherto unknown and recently forwarded by its owner to the Historical Museum in Moscow, addressed by Dostoyevski to a Russian princess on January 20th, 1872. In this letter Dostoyevski expresses his views on the dramatization of novels:—

"Dear Princess Varvara Dmitrievna,

I thank you very much for your appreciation of my novel: I can always value a sincere appreciation such as yours, and your praise gives me great satisfaction. One lives and writes for such appreciation, whereas in our small literary world everything is, on the contrary, so conventional, so ambiguous and twisted, and therefore so dull and formal, especially praise and complimentary notices. As regards your intention to extract a drama from my novel, of course my consent is obvious; moreover, it is my rule never to prevent such attempts. But I cannot help remarking to you that such attempts have almost invariably failed, or at least have not been altogether successful.

"There is some kind of mystery in art, and according to that mystery the epic form will never find correspondence in drama. I even believe that there are two distinct types of art and series of poetical ideas corresponding to them, so that the same idea can never be expressed in another form which does not correspond to it.

"It will be another matter if you will change and transform the novel as much as possible, preserving only one episode for reproduction in dramatic form, or will take the primary idea of the novel and completely alter the plot. . . . Yet I would ask you not to understand my words as an endeavour to dissuade you. . . . I repeat that I entirely sympathize with your intention, and I am very much flattered by your desire to accomplish it. . . .—Yours sincerely,

FEODOR DOSTOYEVSKI."

Crime and Punishment, *The Idiot* and *The Demons* were the three novels that had been published before January 1872. There is no reference in the letter to the novel chosen by Dostoyevski's admirer for adaptation, but *The Idiot* seems the only one to which Dostoyevski's own suggestions could be applied.

Crime and Punishment was the first novel to be dramatized on the Russian stage. The part of Raskolnikov was played by an actor of exceptional power and insight, and so great was the success of this production that various "artisans of literature" turned to the other great novels of Dostoyevski and applied to them the necessary tools: scissors and paste. Since then—for the last twenty-eight years—both the Imperial theatres (now State theatres) and the Moscow Art theatre have produced dramatized versions of nearly every one of the great novels of Dostoyevski. *The Idiot* was the most successful and the least sacrilegious mutilation of the psychological novel, and in the first production at the Imperial theatre in Petrograd the acting was on so high a level as to provide almost a complete justification of the attempt. Some of the scenes from *The Brothers Karamazov* produced by the Moscow Art theatre were equally impressive, and one of them remains one of the finest achievements of that theatre: the scene written by Dostoyevski as a dialogue between Ivan Karamazov and the Devil. The actor was alone on the stage and spoke both parts, as a man in a trance.

Souvorin, the well-known Russian journalist and literary critic, was the owner of the theatre in which the first dramatized version of a Dostoyevski novel was produced (*Crime and Punishment*). He said to me on that occasion: "What a pity Dostoyevski never wrote a play! He was a born playwright, and I know of no other playwright capable of conceiving dramatic situations of such intensity as are found in Dostoyevski's novels."

Chekhov's plays have been described by many as "gloomy." Only those who know that banality, in whatever shape it appears on the stage, is the "onlie begetter" of gloom, and who can *feel* the charm of Chekhov's "smile through the tears," disagree with this commonplace verdict. When the Russian comedy *The Government Inspector* was produced recently, the producer had so little faith in the capacity of the British public to appreciate Gogol's humour, that he presented this satire as a grotesque farce, completely distorting its significance. Ostrovski, the greatest of Russian playwrights, whose comedies are a bottomless pit of humour, is quite unknown in England. So we have had the production of another piece of "gloomy" Russian literature, *The Idiot*, infinitely more trying to the nerves of an average audience than any of Chekhov's symphonies of disenchantment.

C. NABOKOFF.

* We publish a criticism of the play elsewhere.

THEOPHRASTUS IN PICCADILLY

IV.—AN INSTRUCTOR OF YOUTH.

BERNARD ATKINSON is of the younger school of headmasters. He is a layman with advanced views about Christ, and a Christian with advanced views about mankind. The social question is day and night companion of his thoughts and his favourite saying is that education is merely a branch of sociology. When asked why, he does not, like an older and perhaps wiser man, "make no reply." On the contrary, he talks for as long as anyone will listen on the mission of youth and the need for a new spirit in politics, religion and industry.

As a purveyor even of the newest spirit he requires a licence and he finds it in his unimpeachable academic qualifications fortified by a diploma in economics, and the favour of the governing body of Michelham School. Michelham is, of course, only the first rung on the ladder, but it is a useful one, because the motto of Michelham is Progress. Everyone who wants to be progressive without disturbing his balance at the Bank can do so with impunity

by sending his son to Michelham. This particular contribution to the remoulding of society means, indeed, an actual saving, and the opportunity of saving these souls and their cash at the same time appeals strongly to all enlightened men and women.

Strange to say, however, the particular brand of culture distributed by Bernard Atkinson has been found equally pleasing by members of all political parties. Hard-headed business men think him "advanced," and the intelligentsia comment favourably on his almost Grecian moderation. The Country Clergy alone feel a doubt about his orthodoxy, but this is chiefly, so Atkinson's friends declare with some show of reason, because his views on the supernatural have received so large a measure of episcopal approval.

Atkinson is only forty-one. Like all the pioneers of education to-day he was once "our youngest headmaster," and his fair hair and blue eyes have not yet lost the lustre which made his portrait in the Academy of 1923 so attractive and so symbolic.

For he brings more than a breath of fresh air and youth into his activities. He was born in a hurry, so cynics say, and he certainly has never shown any signs of slowing down. "Go where you like as long as you GO," is one of his favourite admonitions, and another is "Stay where you like as long as you *don't stay in a rut*." These boyish epigrams have, as he laughingly admits to his intimates—and you have only to be with Bernard Atkinson for five minutes for him to think he has known you all his life—a superficial inconsistency. But there is, he fancies, an underlying harmony, for he is at heart a pragmatist. "*If I feel* a thing to be true, then *for me it is true*" is his whole philosophy, and his mission is more concerned with awakening feelings than with identifying truths. "Be fervent, boy, be fervent!" he has been heard to exclaim. "Don't bother about being right; any fool can be that!"

Our fathers might have thought it a dangerous philosophy, but Atkinson is not afraid of danger, and isn't much interested in philosophy, so the criticism leaves him cold. He played his part in the War, and is prouder of his Military Cross and Bar than of all his academic qualifications put together. He is determined to abolish war, but he is in his own words, "jolly glad to have had a bit of a scrap before the whole beastly business is done away with." There is, you see, nothing mawkish about the pacifism of Bernard Atkinson, any more than there is anything highbrow about his revolutionary educational ideals. And in all his many-sided activities he preserves the same eager, but well-poised enthusiasm. "Work hard, play hard!" is his advice to all his pupils, and the only thing that drives him to something akin to anger is to be confronted with the old-fashioned antithesis of brains and character. "A man who can't think hasn't got any character," is his unvarying answer, and it is typical of him that he usually adds that "it doesn't matter a damn *what* he thinks"; it is also typical of our peculiar race that this admission is considered by most parents to save a very awkward situation.

And what does our learned schoolmaster think himself?

That is a harder question to answer. We know what he says because he doesn't say it; he shouts it, and shouts it very often. But his inmost thoughts are never revealed, except by the reflection in his conversation of most of the current views of "advanced people" on such matters as the relation of the sexes, disarmament, the coal question, the League of Nations and enthusiasm for stray cats. In his heart of hearts he doesn't care very much for any of these questions, but he sees the chance of being in a minority on all of them, and he exploits it to the full. His criterion of values is chronological rather than rational. To him change is, at worst, the necessary prelude to improvement, and although he is broadminded enough to realize that some changes are for the worse, his whole temperament is too dynamic for there to be any question for him except of a choice of changes. He would rather change his mind and be wrong than remain of the same opinion and be right. He has one fixed star only, and that is a conviction of the superb qualities inherent in even the humblest of human beings. Black or white, drunk or sober, rich or poor—to stress these superficial distinctions is to commit the unforgivable sin. The play may be a farce, a comedy, a tragedy, or even a moving picture, but the cast are superb. As one of the producers—albeit a humble one—he is quite certain of that.

Why this splendid material has made a world so urgently in need of every conceivable improvement is, to some people, obscure. To Bernard Atkinson the riddle is simple. Superb as we are, we are getting superber every day. A Roman Catholic mentioned once in his presence the doctrine of original sin, and was implored in all earnestness not to repeat such a terrible blasphemy. Admittedly, the question is a crucial one for Atkinson. His whole position rests on the falsity of this therefore sinister doctrine. Bernard Atkinson is not a casuist. He would not shut his eyes to the truth for the sake of mere logic, and he has none of those fundamental beliefs which have exercised such a damaging influence in the past on the progress of science. But, British to the backbone, he draws the line somewhere. He has gone so far as to advance at a meeting of the British Association the daring hypothesis that the Public School system is capable of improvement, but the idea that individual men and women are not inherently perfect is not to be swallowed. What would be the good of Houses for Heroes if the heroes were not there waiting for them? And so our enthusiastic disciple goes on preaching the gospel of enthusiasm, and older and sadder men go on wondering what, precisely, he is enthusiastic about.

But parents who want a career for their sons feel the nourishing wind of the Michelham optimism as a soothing balm to their overtaxed sensibilities, and boys facing the battle of life with a hidden fear are infected as easily, even if, in the long run, the certainty of profit is for them a trifle less absolute. And so, with all his post-War idiosyncrasies, Bernard Atkinson is a welcome figure in a drab landscape. He believes in something, even if it is only himself. And he is full of eager hopes, even if his hopes are indeterminate. And his justification is that he educates his pupils so well that by the time they are twenty-one there is not one of them but considers him a figure of fun. And yet, to this day, Atkinson declines to believe in the doctrine of original sin!

His defence is characteristic; he just grins and takes all the credit to himself for the fact that even his own pupils learn wisdom in the end. Perhaps he will be no less fortunate, but I hope to see him safely in charge of one of the more historic Public Schools before the dawning of that sad and fearful day which means the end even of the most brilliant schoolmaster's career.

J.

Have you anything to sell? Readers have an unusually good opportunity of selling what they have to offer—services, the work of their brain or their hands, the small possessions for which they no longer have any use, the products of their farms or their gardens, &c., by using the SPECTATOR *classified advertisement columns. Particulars are given on page* 632.

MR. WELLS LOOKS OUT OF HIS WINDOW

AN author who can make his public pay seven-and-sixpence three times over, at intervals of a month, for one full-length book, is certainly not without financial acumen. But this is not the chief reason for considering Mr. Wells as an economist. He has one incontestable merit over most other writers in this field, and that is that his works are read. "William Clissold" (with whom Mr. Wells only admits cousinship) is a reporter of the opinions of people who think—or who think they think, one might say if one were inclined to be cynical. Whether his views are profound or not, they are certainly important. As a novel *William Clissold* is reviewed on another page; as a statement of the latest development of the Wellsian systematic universe, this economic tract of Clissold's deserves separate treatment.

First, Mr. Wells pours out his wrath on professors who make fairylands of economic theory for their private shelter. A student of physics or biology, he says, must serve facts sublimated and released, facts that will blow him to pieces or corrode him to death at the least levity on his part. A student of history or economics, on the other hand, goes into

> "a cave of the winds in which documents whirl about before imaginative gales. All the circumstances of a scholar's life conspire to turn the mind inward, away from the dusty bickering of the common life. . . . Visit him in college and you will see he does not live there so much as lurk. . . . Once he has secured his cell he encounters little opposition: he may bid good-bye to his worst timidities and set to work secreting his soul's protection. To deny a fact in that secure and protected atmosphere becomes more and more like defeating it."

So much for the professors.

Karl Marx is even more severely mauled by Clissold. He is the "maggot at the core of decaying Socialism." Again, in another place, he is "an imperfectly aerated old gentleman who sits in the British Museum," suffering from a surfeit of notes, and who becomes impatient to set a generalization in control of his facts, so that presently we have a harvest of tares—Communism. Marx led a limited, liverish, theorizing, sedentary life, remote from industrialism, as also did Lenin before 1917, and Clissold suggests that the methods of psycho-analysis might be applied to both of them, to elucidate their prophecy that the proletariat would solidaritate ("my word," says Clissold proudly!) and arrive *en masse* as Master of the world.

The truth is, says Clissold, that there is no reserve of creative power in the masses. The masses, as masses, are nothing but an untrustworthy explosive force:—

> "The greater revolution must be a deliberate and not a convulsive progress. It has to fight the egoist and the fool in man, the ancestral instinctive brute, as much in the suspicious and angry mob below as in the timid, mean, and violent propertied classes above. . . . I do not see why thwarted pedants and unlicked youngsters should be allowed to monopolize the excellent name of Revolutionary for ever."

Clissold's revolution, in short, is merely evolution, but why this must be in charge of "a few obstinately clear-headed men and women," rather than within the framework of our present democracy, he does not explain. However, his *forte* is not politics, but exposition.

The short section on money is at least a masterpiece of condensation. Money "is not an institution that has replaced simpler and less convenient institutions; it is a tradition that has grown and exfoliated, and crowded older usages out of existence. It is not a safe device. It can fail to keep faith." But financiers "no more want an inquiry into what lies beneath it than cricketers want people to geologize beneath their pitch." Such generalizations, of course, are sometimes a little too easy. Of bankers, for instance, we are told that they "take money for granted as a terrier takes rats; when they see it they go for it; but they are absolutely immune from any philosophical curiosity about it." If the reading-room of the British Museum did not remind Clissold of the interior of a gasometer (as he confesses) and if he could be prevailed upon to visit it, he would find a score of books there to refute this assertion. No doubt Mr. Wells has read Bagehot, but perhaps he has forgotten that he has read that philosophical and literary banker.

But William Clissold's failings as much as his virtues have made the book what it is, not a story, but a fascinating survey of the world we live in, with its dangers and liberations, implications and possibilities. The fate of the countryside, the passengers in the fat-tyred cars that go hooting past his window ("Never were people so entirely passengers. They are carried along like sacks. The clothes they wear, the very complexions of the women seem to have been put on their passive persons by the tradesmen of Paris and London before they were packed off in their cars. One cannot believe that their financial reactions are other than automatic"), the wretched frivolities of fashionable life on the Riviera, the perpetual flux of creation which never stands still however enduring it may appear, and the possibilities of a new way of life ("broad and gracious and lovely and beautifully eventful beyond anything we can now dream of or desire"—surely, by the way, this is Clissold's cousin speaking?) are all passed in review before his window in Provence. The conclusion of these sociological chapters is a reverberating dominant hope. "Supreme above wars and disasters, surpassing and at last redeeming all the present torments of man, is the growth of a being of thought. Such circles of light as this beneath my lamp-shade are more formidable than all the armies and navies of the world. We are passing beyond superstition and out of the age of fear."

Mr. Clissold should have submitted his plot to his relative, Mr. H. G. Wells, before calling it a novel, but as an entertaining sermon, a sermon about the most interesting thing in the world—ourselves—this is an important book because it is supremely easy to read and yet makes the reader think.

GIRAFFES

THE giraffe is now found only in Africa, from North Bechuanaland and the Kalahari Desert to Kordofan the Sudan, the Congo, Nigeria. Formerly, however, it had a much wider range and in ages of the past, as fossil remains have proved, it and allied species roamed over parts of Greece and from the South of France to Northern India. This strangely beautiful and most interesting mammal is placed by zoologists between the deer and the hollow horned ruminants. Rütimeyer, the Swiss naturalist, probably gave it its neatest and most appropriate designation when he described it as "a most fantastic form of deer." The name, "giraffe," seems to be derived from the Arabian *zirapha*, which by some is supposed to have been a corruption of *zaraphe*, the Egyptian for "long neck."

In the days of Imperial Rome giraffes from the Libyan Desert were exhibited in the triumphs of various Emperors, and were probably first seen in Europe when shown to the Romans during the dictatorship of Julius Caesar. Gordian possessed ten at one time, and Aurelian displayed several in his triumph at Rome after the conquest of Palmyra and the capture of Zenobia. From the period of the Roman Empire till the close of the fifteenth century these magnificent animals were unknown in Europe. In the last years of that century Lorenzo de Medici became possessed of a specimen, apparently

perfectly tame, which was shown in Florence, and as it was led through the streets often halted, and raising its lofty head to some high balcony, received some dainty—fruit or confection—from the dwellers of the house before which it had stayed its progress. From that date till the reign of George IV. no giraffe was seen in Europe until the year 1827, when Mahommed Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, sent one as a present to the King of England.

The labours of hunters and naturalists during the last thirty years have established the fact that there are some nine races of giraffe in different parts of Africa, all varying in colour and markings; the palest being found in Nigeria, while the richest in colouring is probably the Somali giraffe, bright chestnut of hue, with very thin lines of creamy-white, defining the curious and irregular colour markings. The stature of a full-grown male attains nearly 19 feet, that of a female just under 17 feet.

In the Sudan regions and in Southern Africa these animals were, till recently, pursued on horseback and there afforded a wonderful and most exciting chase. Even the most enthusiastic of English foxhunters have been forced to admit that no other chase in the world can equal the headlong burst over a rough and difficult terrain in pursuit of a troop of flying giraffes. These animals have very thick skins, attaining an inch upon the back and shoulders; and, betaking themselves, as they do, to jungle and low forest, all heavily armed with terrible thorns, through which they burst their way unscathed, they presently find safe sanctuary amid such fastnesses. For two or three miles, in fairly open country, giraffes run at a very high speed—some thirty miles an hour; they are great stayers, and unless the mounted hunter presses his horse to its utmost pace, his tall quarry will escape him. Mounted on a good hunting horse, he presently ranges up to his quarry and, firing from the saddle or jumping off to take his shot, brings the great mammal to earth.

Cornwallis Harris, Gordon Cumming, Baldwin and Selous have all testified to the wonderful thrill and excitement of a giraffe hunt on horseback. And the present writer, having often participated in such a chase, fully agrees with them. In parts of Africa, where horses cannot exist and be made use of, the giraffe has to be stalked on foot; and, owing to its extreme wariness, its great height and keen eyesight and its wonderful scenting powers, it is by no means easy to bring down. Moreover, strict game laws now prevail in most regions of Africa and giraffes and other rare and vanishing beasts are not now to be shot in the careless and too often reckless fashion of former days.

The flesh of a young cow giraffe is excellent eating, somewhat like veal with a real game-like flavour of its own. The old bulls are tough and uneatable, and, moreover, have a strong musk-like savour, which is quite repellent, except to the palates of African natives. The long shank-bones yield delicious marrow and, roasted over the hot embers of the camp-fire and sawn in half, afford the prime luxury of the big-game hunter.

These wonderful animals are voiceless. They have no real means of defence, except by retreating to the thorniest recesses of the forests in which they browse. It is only right, therefore, that, in these days of the rapid decline of the once magnificent fauna of Africa, they should only be shot—and that grudgingly—for museums and scientific collections, or to provide absolutely necessary food upon rare occasion. No more beautiful picture of the wilderness is to be witnessed than the sight of a troop of these strange and bizarre creatures, all feeding with upstretched necks upon the leafage of their much-loved acacia trees.

H. A. Bryden.

SPECTABILIA

A few weeks ago I referred to the litter problem and the various steps which should be taken continuously to impress on the mind of the man in the street the duty of each holiday maker to take home his own rubbish. The British Broadcasting Company draws my attention to the fact that the B.B.C. is now making frequent appeals to prevent the scattering of litter. One of its regular lecturers deals with the subject constantly during holiday times. I was also glad to learn that many Boy Scouts are taking a hand in the anti-litter campaign. Certainly there is plenty of work waiting for us in this direction. I cannot help feeling, however, that the authorities are partly responsible. Cannot they follow the example of those responsible for the upkeep of Kew Gardens and provide larger receptacles for waste paper and refuse? The authorities have been most successful in their anti-litter crusade at Kew, which is one of the best kept public places that I know.

* * * *

The *Cork Examiner* has had an article on the continued migration from Ireland of much of its best human material. The majority of those that emigrate to the United States are between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, and most of the male emigrants—at least five-sixths—are drawn from the countryside: "They are young men in the very prime of life, capable of 'roughing it' if they only made up their minds to do so. Would it not be worth while trying to persuade them to 'rough it' in their own country for a time? It should be as easy to do so on their fathers' farms or as labourers on their neighbours,' as on the streets or quaysides of American cities." Of the female emigrants the majority are also between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, and almost two-thirds of them are certified for "domestic, hotel, &c., service." The *Cork Examiner* continues "Every farmer all over the country complains of the difficulty of obtaining suitable labour, and there is even a dearth of satisfactory domestic servants. Possibly, the unwillingness of young people to work at home is due in great measure to the false sense of pride and the useless vanity for which Ireland is notorious. Again, this failing may be traced to the unsatisfactory system of education. In every school in the country, and in almost every home, children are brought up to look on manual labour as something beneath the dignity of clerical labour."

* * * *

Opposition to the Government's postmark advertising scheme appears to be increasing and I am doubtful whether the scheme will last long, though, presumably, the existing contracts will have to be fulfilled. The advertising value of the postmarks on our correspondence should be reserved for national enterprises and announcements. In common with most people, I suppose, I have no objection to receiving on my breakfast-table exhortations through the post "To buy British goods," "To see England first," "To scatter no litter," "To smoke Imperially," "To help the Safety-First campaign," "To buy National Savings Certificates," and so on; but I have a very decided objection to being told I must drink Blank's whisky or use Blank's cosmetics. Public opinion must put a stop to this prostitution of the Post Office. If the Government thinks it cannot use all its postmarks for its own advertising let it give one day's or one week's postmarks to some of our hospitals and philanthropic institutions.

* * * *

I observe that the *Toronto Globe* supports the suggestion which was made by Mr. J. H. Thomas in the House of

Commons recently and also in the *Spectator* some years ago that the leaders of the Oppositions in the Dominion Parliaments should attend the Imperial Conferences. But, according to the Canadian correspondent of the *Times*, public opinion in the Dominion is against the proposal. It is felt that the result "would be inaction rather than action, a weak diffusion of responsibility for Imperial policy." Surely this is a faulty argument. The first essential at these Imperial gatherings is to preserve continuity. If only the leaders of the existing Governments meet together much duplication of effort is entailed and much old ground has to be gone over. Could not the Opposition leaders be invited to the general gatherings? It should be quite possible to devise a scheme by which only the Prime Ministers would meet together to take decisions in important matters.

* * * *

I was at the London Aeroplane Club's grounds at Stag Lane, Hendon, this week, and was much impressed by the great interest in flying being taken by young and old. The training course is astonishingly cheap, working out at under £20, and the fees for flying, once one is a flying member, are only £1 an hour. There is a large waiting list and Captain Sparks and Mr. St. Barbe, the two pilots who have the onerous task of training, are working overtime seven days a week.

* * * *

It is good that amateur aviation is at last being taken seriously in England, for there is no better or more patriotic pastime. The de Havilland Moths, on which all the flying at the Club is done, have flown over 600,000 miles this year and have only had two mishaps (neither of them serious) both of which occurred while racing. There have been no accidents during instruction or private flying: neither the railways nor the roads could show such an average of safety. Flying is not for fools, of course, but it is a sport with a good margin of safety that provides more instruction in character, gives more freedom, and not less health than any other amusement. It is, moreover, a sport peculiarly adapted to Englishmen.

THE THEATRE

DOSTOYEVSKY DRAMATIZED

[The Idiot. By Feodor Dostoyevsky. Barnes Theatre.]
[A Balcony. By Naomi Royde-Smith. Everyman Theatre.]

Nothing, on first thoughts, could seem less promising than an attempt to adapt Dostoyevsky's enormous novel, *The Idiot*, to the stage. Will they try next, one wondered before going to the Barnes Theatre last week, to turn into intelligible dialogue the superficial formlessness, the deliberate delays of *L'Education Sentimentale*? Shall we get *The Egoist* as a play? Or a gingerly poised, tottering complication by Henry James? Sooner or later, it appears, every great novel must find a part of itself in the theatre. The argument is that a book many people have read will make a play many will want to see. Yet, in nine cases out of ten, the dramatized novel is a failure.

The novelist's massive material has to submit, first, to a process of elimination. The adaptor selects and rejects. What will be selected is, of course, the scenic situation, the crucial moments: the fewer the *scenes* in the novel, the more often the adaptor will have to intervene. He will seize instinctively upon the drama already made. After a visit to the Barnes Theatre, one discovers that there are a good many *scenes* in *The Idiot*.

There is, for a sufficiently promising beginning, the scene of the third chapter, Prince Muishkin's arrival at General Epanchin's house. It is a very good scene, and, with the Prince's long revealing recitals of his thoughts and experiences in Switzerland, it comes straight out of the novel.

There is, again, the scene, obviously dramatic, a *scène à faire* and a *scène déjà faite*, where the enigmatic Nastasia Philipovna throws the roubles into the fire, in order to test the greed of Gania, her bethrothed. Why does not this scene "come off" as the earlier one did? Perhaps because we know so little of Nastasia. Perhaps because the dramatist has not had the time to throw upon her, as the novelist does, the lights of retrospective allusion. Anyhow, it seems unduly precipitated, huddled, a mere flurry of excitement. Then, for a third instance, there is the last scene, in which the distracted Rogojin sits with the Prince beside the dead body of the woman he has murdered, waiting for who knows what? Waiting, as it happens, for the police.

This scene seems to fail completely on the stage; the reason being, probably, that it is telescoped into a few minutes. We miss the long hours of search and anguish that led the Prince through the streets to Rogojin's house; and we do not see this situation through the Prince's wavering consciousness, but have it thrust upon us from without, so that it appears to be merely the sudden meeting of two phantoms by candlelight. To sum all, when the adaptor can avail himself of the novelist's developments he impresses, he does well. Then comes a psychological gap. Something is undeveloped. Those who know the novel can fill up the gaps. Those who do not must peer through obscurity.

The adaptor at Barnes, however, has done much better than I expected. He has wisely discarded characters scattered over the often clumsy pages of the novel—the boy Colia, for instance, and his neurotic companion, Hippolyte, as well as Nastasia's early protector, Totski. But this last omission casts an obscurity over the whole affair of Gania's proposed marriage to Nastasia. It isn't shown in the play that General Epanchin is bound to Totski by financial ties, that an arrangement exists between them, that Gania's dependence on the General makes him, to that extent, the victim of the two. So Gania becomes a crude weakling: the General quite insignificant. These are the sacrifices of adaptation.

Mr. Ion Swinley's "idiot" Prince was the chief feature of the acting. In spite of his habitual first night hesitations—in this case hardly noticeable—he succeeded in bringing the passive force of that extraordinary character into the theatre. He gave us the novelist's intention, which was to show a man who deflected the lives about him, not by *doing* anything, but merely by *being* somebody: Muishkin calms turbid lives by the mere presence of his patient unworldliness. Miss Beatrix Thomson needs only to clarify her diction to give a perfect picture of Epanchin's daughter, Aglaya; and Miss Stella Arbenina nearly succeeded in making Nastasia intelligible. The Mrs. Epanchin of Miss Annie Esmond was another excellent study. But of the rest, and especially of Mr. Lawrence Anderson's Rogojin, may we not repeat what Rogojin himself says of Nastasia in the novel—they "always act as though they were in delirium"? What a nightmare is life in Russia in the companionship of Dostoyevsky!

It happens to be this very novel, *The Idiot*, that we find the young husband and wife reading aloud, by turns, to one another, in Miss Naomi Royde-Smith's play, *A Balcony*, at the Everyman Theatre. Have they, then, settled down, in their Richmond flat, into a comfortable lifetime of evenings with the best novelists by the fireside? By no means. They have only just moved into the flat. Their furniture, like their minds, is in confusion. Fanny has engaged a polytechnic maid, with one of those telephone accents, deplored by Mr. St. John Ervine (this part is played with an acid sense of comedy by Miss Nadine March); the balcony, overlooking a desirable river view, is in need of repair, because Fanny's Chinese light carries off a part of its railing; and the presence of the telephone on his desk bothers Evan, who is an explorer and a writer of travel books, with a dark Celtic strain in him—a sinister, haunted side not, as you may imagine, left undeveloped by Mr. Ernest Milton, who is the most naturally unnatural and sincerely artificial actor whom I remember to have seen since the days of Sir Henry Irving. The balcony, the telephone, the light—what are these well-laid clues? Why do we hear so much about them? Is this a well-made play?

It is. The balcony is there in order that Fanny may signal to her lover from it, and in order that she may fall off it, after a passage of cross-examination by Evan at the end. The

light was there for the signal. And the telephone was talked about because, in the last scene, Evan was going to cut its wire and preclude communication between Fanny and her lover. These things are all dazzlingly dramatic and clear. Mysterious, on the other hand, are the reasons for Evan's marriage to Fanny—he being what I have indicated, she a flouncing and fluffy young creature whose imbecility is not diminished by Miss Phyllis Titmuss's presentation of her with a gleaming smile, only occasionally interrupted by timid glances of discontent and guilt. Why, having lived three or four years with this exasperating "little woman," who thinks only of clothes and of Savoy Bands, and who proposes Monte Carlo as a reasonable alternative to her husband's dream of a visit to the monasteries of the Levant, Evan should not have discovered her real nature, but should still be in the stage of marital flirtation and incessant embracements, we are not told. We guess only that the authoress was not aiming at a profound character study, but at a dramatic anecdote which she tells with economy of development, allowing herself only the comic irrelevances of the maid and the flat porter (Mr. Charles Stone). The result seemed to puzzle the audience at Hampstead—a lofty district, which has been trained to expect highbrow thoughts. The only altitude I could discover in Miss Royde-Smith's play was that of the seventh floor in the riverside flat at Richmond.

R. J.

MUSIC

THE SALZBURG MUSICAL FESTIVAL

The *tempo* of modern life has increased so rapidly during the last ten years that it seems as though the modern man must look for his music more and more to the annual festivals. The supply follows the demand; and the last few years have seen many new festivals inaugurated as well as many old ones infused with new life. The movable International Contemporary Music Society, the fixed festivals at Donaueschingen and Prague, and those at Harleeh and Aberystwyth, are cases in point. Amongst the older ones the chief have been Munich, Bayreuth (which no longer takes first place), and that of Salzburg, which—with its romantic surroundings, its unique castle on the Monchberg, its baroque cathedral, its fine open squares (that might have been designed acoustically especially for Reinhardt's open-air plays) and its new Festival House (opened last week by a ball and a visit from the President of the Austrian Republic)—now outrivals them all.

The programmes which have occupied the whole month, with undiminished support from the public, have been worthy of the occasion. At the Opera, we have had works by Pergolesi, Mozart, and the two Strausses, Richard and Johann. At the new Festival House we have heard choral and orchestral concerts, and Carlo Gozzi's flamboyant *Turandot*—at least, Reinhardt makes it so. In the Dom Platz, the mystery-play *Everyman* has been beautifully staged, the crowded parapets and stone galleries giving quite the mediaeval atmosphere. And in the Mozart House, there has been a pleasing variety of chamber concerts—the famous Rozé Quartet, the Vienna Wood-Wind, and some good vocalists. To crown all, the orchestra has been the Vienna Philharmonic, a body which for tone, instruments and classical execution is unrivalled throughout the world.

The high lights of the festival have been Richard Strauss's *Ariadne in Naxos*, under the composer's baton; his *Domestic Symphony*, under Krauss of Frankfort; the Brückner symphonies under Schalk; Mahler's fourth symphony under Bruno Walter, and the Mozart operas divided between Schalk and Walter. *Ariadne* is rarely heard in England and I believe never under the composer's guidance. It is a unique work in opera, s tanding as a landmark between the new and the older romantic styles. There is not a shred of Wagnerian influence left, and the difference between Krauss's rendering of it and Strauss's own was noteworthy. The former gave his chief attention to the orchestra, whereas the composer conducted the voices throughout, still, however, keeping the lovely orchestration perfect and balanced, merely through strength of will and intellect. With him the opera leaned more than ever to the chamber-music type. We must have *Ariadne* performed in London (with the new prologue music) in some th eatre smaller than Covent Garden where its delicate beauties were entirely lost.

The *Domestic Symphony* is a work that has had a somewhat unfortunate career in England. Though repeatedly announced, for some mysterious reason it is always postponed. However, we had our full satisfaction on August 26th here. The work received a most brilliant rendering under Krauss, when for a whole hour there was not a single dull moment. Some of the themes are commonplace, the opening love-motive, for instance, and the scale-like tunes in the peroration; one marvels at the eloquence which can bring them off with flying colours. Then there is that big patch of over-thick polyphony, which is cerebral rather than musical, and which some writer has dubbed as Strauss's "organized noise." But for all that, the *Domestic Symphony*, as played here last week, is one of the finest (if not *the* finest) orchestral works of the last twenty years. One recalls the hubbub which the British Music Society provoked in 1919 by announcing *Heldenleben* for its first London festival; but subsequent events have proved the rightness of its policy. England is still a great loser by the absence of the orchestral works and operas of the greatest living composer. Very much the same thing may be said about Brückner, whose eighth symphony received such an impressive rendering here under Schalk on the 28th; for this greatest of Austrian nineteenth-century composers explains much that is in both Strauss and Elgar.

The Mozart operas here adopt the refined stage-settings of Alfred Roller of Vienna, the artist who greatly helped Mahler in raising the standard of opera-production in Vienna to a pitch which set the model for the world. One felt at times, however, that Roller's imaginative method of scenery is not so likely to stand the passage of time as the truer historical method pursued by Wallerstein, in the *Ariadne*, for instance. The operatic singing of Hans Duhan and Richard Mayr are authoritative and convincing. The much belauded new tenor of the Dresden Opera, Richard Tauber, was a little disappointing. He sings well, but his acting and mental grip are somewhat ordinary. The leading ladies were all young and charming, with nice fresh voices, but little individuality. With the exception of Marie Gerhart's Zerbinetta, their acting was conventional.

One of the chief experiences of the month has been the wonderful playing of the octet of wind-instruments from Vienna, in chamber-works by Mozart and Beethoven. We have not yet any team of players who can approach them within hailing distance. The nearest is the French Society of Wind-Instruments Players, who have just sustained a severe loss by the death of that supreme artist, Louis Fleury. It is to be hoped however, that the Viennese players will turn their attention also to the best music of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. They will then be less likely to fall into the mistake of having too many pieces in the same key.

A. Eaglefield-Hull.

THE DOLMETSCH FESTIVAL

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch has already secured his rightful place in the history of music. His life-long zeal and undying faith, however, have only lately begun to take effect. Now there are signs that the leaven is slowly working in the lump of our civilized musical community. Some years ago, fired by Mr. Dolmetsch's enthusiasm, a group of viol players was formed in Liverpool, and there are rumours of similar consortings in other parts of the country.

It is an open question whether this renaissance will have the effect of completely banishing the string quartet during the coming years—(the more ardent of the disciples seem to look for some such revolution)—but at least it will have the effect of restoring some of the most beautiful and the most neglected music ever produced by English composers. I am referring to the English Fantasies which were being written between 1550 and 1650, roughly speaking. I heard some of them for the first time last year at the Haslemere Festival; they amazed me greatly. And during the Festival held last week I found that my amazement grew with closer intimacy. For a single example, I will choose the "Fantasy and Air" for six viols (No. 1 in G minor) by William Lawes, not because it is in any way lifted above the rest of the contemporary

writing, but because hitherto William Lawes has been known to most of us only through his vocal compositions.

I have seen the score of this Fantasy and was surprised to find how modern was its visual effect. It is complex, yet full of shapeliness; detailed, yet unified in its outward form; audacious, yet of very sure intent. And hearing it, after some of the examples of contemporary European composers, one realizes how superior was the best writing of the English school, how much more resourceful in the matter of rhythmic device, and how much more strengthened with the substance of musical thought. The French writers of the period, for example, with the possible exceptions of Henri Dumont (Master of Music to Henri Quatre) and Marin Marais, appear to be merely decorative, when their work is compared with the best music of Thomas Tomkins, John Jenkins, Matthew Locke, Michael Easte, and Richard Deeringe (whose lovely Fantasy in C for six viols was, to my great regret, omitted from the programmes this year*). As for the Italians, even so early as at the beginning of the seventeenth century they were never more than good stylists. Style, of course, was an important element at a time when musical creation was prone to be indefinite and aimlessly experimental. But a whole concert of early Italian music leaves me with a disconcerting sense of loneliness, as if I had been shown into a large and airy room with a beautifully polished floor, had been invited to take a seat and make myself at home, and then had failed to find a single piece of furniture upon which I could sit, lean or recline.

The Festival last week was notable for one event in particular. Last year the 4th Brandenburg Concerto had been performed in an arrangement made by Bach himself. The original form of the work required the services of two Recorders in G, "Flauti d'Echo" as they were called. A year ago Mr. Dolmetsch lacked these instruments, but, impelled by the desire to hear the work in its first form, he set to work to fashion two of them at his Haslemere workshop. The results were beyond all expectations, and at the opening concert, this fourth Concerto was heard, probably for the very first time by an English audience, as Bach intended it to be heard. The effect was entrancing.

The *Andante* movement reveals the reason for the alternative name of "Echo Flutes" for the G recorders, for it is possible to play softly upon them without disturbing the pitch in any way. The significance of the echo phrases is entirely lost in the later version, where the harpsichord repeats the phrases of the recorders.

I regard the recovery of these lost tones as of the greatest importance at a time when composers are for ever searching for new colours to add to the tonal rainbow. But I doubt very much whether they will avail themselves of these still small voices.

BASIL MAINE.

CORRESPONDENCE

A LETTER FROM TANGIER

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Though much space has been devoted in the daily Press to the statement of French, Italian, and Spanish views on Tangier, one searched in vain, until recently, for some presentation of British policy. Hitherto, ever since the days of Sir John Drummond Hay, this policy has been to refuse to countenance the predominance of any one Power at Tangier, since occupation by a strong Power of such an important strategic position has always been opposed by our naval and military authorities, and a weak Power might not be able to maintain the strict neutrality of Tangier in the event of war. A glance at the map will show how Tangier, by its position almost opposite Gibraltar, at the narrow gateway of the Mediterranean and of our route to India, possesses strategic importance of the first order. Little wonder that up till now British statesmen and strategists have insisted that its government must be completely international.

Of the inhabitants of the Tangier enclave, the Moors and the Jews would certainly prefer to see the administration in the hands of the British. As this is, for obvious reasons, impossible, they cling to the belief that Great Britain will always insist on retaining a share in the administration sufficient to guarantee them from the grosser forms of injustice and oppression from which their countrymen in the other two zones have from time to time suffered. The local French colony, while intensely patriotic and willing, while there seemed any hope of success, to back the attempt of their Government to secure complete control of the zone, are now concerned chiefly with the economic development of the place and look forward to the time when the completion of the port works (being carried out by a French company) and the railway to Fez may at length bring some revival in business.

The British colony numbers about 700. They have hitherto steadfastly supported the British policy of internationalization even when it seemed that the day would never dawn when an international *régime* would really be established. It is unfortunate that now the only local English newspaper (which, of course, foreigners are firmly convinced is subsidized) is strongly opposed to the struggling administration, which it attacks, in season and out, often going beyond the limit of that wholesome and friendly criticism which is necessary to the growth of all young things. The gifted correspondent of the *Times* in Tangier also has not made matters easier for the British community. Always a consistent opponent of any scheme of international control, he was, before the Convention, a strong supporter of French claims to control. After a brief period of patronizing support of the infant administration, he has now become an ardent convert to the views of Spain. This rapid evolution is somewhat misleading to those whose chief knowledge of the questions concerning Tangier is gained from the daily papers.

The Convention setting up the international *régime* has now been in operation for more than a year. On the whole it has worked surprisingly well. To one who knew Tangier under the chaotic state of affairs which existed while the rival Governments and their representatives were manœuvring for position, a vast improvement in outward appearances is at once apparent. The streets are cleaner and in far better condition, real justice is administered, a regular police force does exist (though hitherto its conduct has left much to be desired), better value is being obtained for the considerably increased expenditure possible on public works, the taxes are properly collected and actually go to the public treasury.

But such success as has been achieved in this novel experiment in political science is due mainly to the officials—the Administrator (a French Civil Servant) and his two assistants (one Spanish and one English), the excellent work of the English Director of Finance, Mr. Dicken, late of the Egyptian Civil Service, being recognized on all sides. The Assembly composed of delegates of different nationalities is entirely lacking in administrative experience. Its Moorish members vote as they are told by the French authorities. The French members themselves, though occasionally restive under the control of their Consul-General, are actuated more by national partisanship and ingrained mistrust of all officials than by sincere desire for administrative efficiency. The attitude of the Spanish members, who invariably act as directed by their Consul-General, is now more easily understood in the light of Spain's bid for complete control of Tangier. All along, by interminable obstruction, they have sought to make the task of the Administration as hard as possible, and it now seems evident that their object has been to demonstrate that the international government is unworkable. The trade of the Zone has until recently been seriously crippled by a Customs cordon established by its Spanish neighbours. It looks as though many eminent authorities and even some members of the British colony have been taken in by this palpable manœuvre. The English members, and the few representatives of the smaller Powers who have adhered to the Convention, form the only independent section of the Assembly, whose aim really is the successful administration of the Zone.

That the present state of affairs must needs be improved, no one will deny. Italy and the U.S.A. have not yet adhered to the "Statute," and their nationals are not yet subject to the local courts. The depreciation in the French franc—to which the Moroccan franc, unwisely established as the basic legal currency in Tangier, is linked—has played havoc, not only with the trade of the Zone, but with the budget as

* Since this article was written, Deeringe's "Fantasy" has been played at the end of one of the programmes.

a whole, and has seriously impaired the value of the reserves accumulated in the first year of the administration. The salaries of the judges, administrators, police officers and officials, in spite of compensatory allowances, appear grotesquely small by English standards. Some arrangement must be reached by which these salaries are put on a gold basis, and, with the aid, if necessary, of the signatory Powers, fixed at figures which will attract administrative and judicial officers of the best type. There is a desire expressed in some quarters that the whole finance of the Zone should be converted to a gold basis, and thus stabilized. As a compromise which would undoubtedly please Spain, the more stable peseta might possibly be adopted. Though the loss to individuals would be terrible at first, the security from the meteoric fluctuations to which the franc is liable would ultimately bring compensation.

If it was felt that the question of Tangier's government was really a *chose jugée* and that the adherence of Italy and the U.S.A. to the Convention could really be counted on, it would be possible, with a little sympathetic encouragement and co-operation by the signatory Powers and their representatives on the spot, to introduce the few amendments which experience has shown to be necessary to make the international *régime* a complete success. Given these few alterations and the time necessary for the establishment and smooth working of any new organization, to which in this case must be added the gaining of experience by those up till now completely unfamiliar with any form of sound local government, there is no reason why the Administration should not work well on really international lines. But as long as the fate of Tangier and of the wretched people who live there are considered as pawns in petty international intrigues, stability locally, and therefore any prosperity, will remain part of the dream of those who have imagination and foresight enough to see the infinite possibilities that Tangier possesses. —I am, Sir, &c.,

YOUR CORRESPONDENT LATELY IN TANGIER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A BREWER'S SCHEME OF TEMPERANCE REFORM

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I believe that most of the advantages of the Carlisle and other schemes, as well as nationalization of the drink trade (which you have advocated not because you like nationalization, but because you dislike the element of private profit in the trade), and none of their obvious disadvantages, could be obtained by the following scheme, Three main, *practicable* objectives, such as would recommend themselves to everyone, might be formulated, thus :—

(1) Reduce licensed premises by about one-half in such a way as to avoid any question of large payments for compensation. (2) Eliminate the competitive interest of any holder of a licence in the amount of liquor consumed. (3) Reorganize the whole industry in such a way as to ensure complete and unquestioned control by representatives of the community. If future political developments caused losses to the industry those losses would fall on the original owners and not on the State.

The redundancy of public houses, obvious enough to shock the moral sense of most people, can only be properly realized when illustrated by a map and its economic aspect analysed. A map of one of the largest industrial cities in the country would show that if half the licences were removed no one house would be further than about eighty yards from licensed premises. When the huge expenses of licences, rates, taxes, light and heating (which are piled up in such establishments to make them attractive in the severe competition brought about by their proximity to one another) are taken into consideration, it can easily be understood that the amount of money saved by concentration of the trade in a much smaller number of houses would reach large figures. Such estimates based on more than one selected area, carefully and closely examined, give a result, at the lowest figure, of from fifteen to twenty million pounds profit for the whole country. This would be ample for compensation and leave a large surplus for the State.

There are two schemes possible for combining the reduction of licensed houses with the elimination of competition and without the need for any large liability in compensation from the State: (1) A Government Commission, armed with full powers, would be appointed which would charge itself with the operation of compulsory amalgamation of all the companies and private licensed properties in selected areas. This Commission, acting as an impartial tribunal and working through trustworthy experts, would be able to prevent delays and injustice from unfair pressure in bargaining or valuation, and to coerce obstinate or selfish owners. The fact that the industry is carried on everywhere under very similar conditions enormously lessens complications attendant on such operations in other industries.

(2) Convenient areas, as large as possible consistently with efficiency, would be selected and each area would constitute a body or Committee of owners and elected or State-appointed members. The Committee would make a pool of the revenues of all the constituent concerns—*i.e.*, would receive the profits accruing from the pooled businesses and distribute them according to the profits disclosed in the balance sheets of each concern.

Either of these schemes would ensure the elimination of competing or individual interests, and by removing all danger of loss would render compensation unnecessary except for tenants expropriated and managers or servants dismissed. As the vast majority of tenancies are short-termed, and as in the case of important licences managers are mostly employed, the compensation would be a small matter in comparison with the very large profits accruing from the amalgamation.

It would probably be found most practicable to institute a group or "united states" of more or less autonomous licensed areas, but when once the industry was so reconstructed there would be no difficulty in further co-ordinating its management by a supreme central authority—either a separate Ministry or a section of the Board of Trade, or some other authority that would secure to Parliament complete control on behalf of the community. The administration of each area might be vested in a Board consisting of owners and representatives elected by the County Council.

I do not suggest for a moment that the profits obtained by reducing the number of licensed houses should go to the industry. They should, as a matter of principle, go to the State, when proper compensations have been paid. It might be judicious, however, in order to ensure co-operation, to let the brewing companies have a limited share in them.

When once competition as between one house and another was done away with, all *tenancies* would be abolished and licensed places would be put under managers. Complete "disinterested management" could thus be established. What I aim at is that the selling of beer should be put on the basis of the selling of stamps at a post office.—I am, Sir, &c.

SHAREHOLDER AND DIRECTOR OF A BREWERY CO.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—A "Parson's Wife" informed you recently that she has an income of eleven hundred pounds, with free rent. That is an excellent income in any country at any time. From this distance, the lady would seem to be one of the truly favoured inhabitants of this sad world. Yet it is obvious that she feels ill-used, that her income is not adequate to her supposed needs, for she is going without all the small luxuries that the poorest American looks upon as necessaries—including reading matter, of all things! She is trying to keep up an establishment that was arranged for a larger income, or for an income with more buying power, than she now enjoys, a task to try the patience of a saint. But why do it? Would it interest you to know how an American woman of the same tastes and background would meet such a situation?

In the first place, she would not go without magazines and amusements in order to live in nineteen rooms. The large house is rapidly going out of fashion in this country, even among the wealthy. It was always an exotic and is now

becoming an anachronism. But, if she were afflicted with nineteen rooms and could not move to more suitable surroundings, she would close off all but seven or eight of the rooms and live in those. She might throw open the whole house for a wedding, or some such occasion, but she would certainly not try to use it every day, nor to heat it in winter. Many of our houses, in those parts of the country where the winters are cold, are deliberately built so that they can be contracted and expanded in this manner. Temporary partitions are put up with the storm windows. The square Colonial house of New England is an example of this type. But if it were absolutely necessary to live in nineteen rooms on an inadequate income, a contingency beyond the imagination of an American, she would have relatives or friends of her own social status, lonely, elderly people, most likely, as paying guests, thus spreading the cost of the establishment over more people.

Secondly, no American would dream of employing six retainers to care for a family of six, two of whom are away at school, unless the family income were very large indeed. In fact, she could not. Wages here are too high. This item of personal service, which looms so large in the life of the upper and middle class European, is a luxury that we very largely go without. Having deliberately organized and maintained our social system in such a way as to prevent the growth of a proletariat or a peasantry we have, unwittingly perhaps, deprived ourselves of servants. The successive panaceas, of negro slavery and immigrant labour, having proved worse than the disease, we now worry along by caring, very largely, for our own wants, with such mechanical assistance as we have been able to invent. For generations this state of affairs has brought down upon us the scorn of such people as "Parson's Wife." We do lack elegant leisure.

I will take the servants mentioned by "Parson's Wife," one by one, and show how their work would be handled. We have been laughed at for years because of our apparent devotion to bathrooms and steam heat. But we do not keep men in our employ "because of the coal and water." To carry up bath water is beneath the dignity of American labour. No one could be hired to do it at any price. We have bathrooms with hot and cold water piped in because the alternative is to carry our own. We heat our houses with a central furnace. A handy man goes from house to house, morning and evening, to shovel coal and remove ashes. During the rest of the day the housewife looks after her own furnace. If there is no neighbourhood handy man, the master of the house does his own shovelling. Gardens are kept for pleasure, in case someone in the household enjoys the out-of-door work, as many do. Otherwise an arrangement is made with a neighbouring farmer to cultivate the land on some share system, or it is planted to lawn and shrubs and the vegetables are bought in the market. Thus the gardener disappears from the picture.

A clergyman's children, like those of everyone else, except in unusual circumstances, are educated in the public schools at public expense until they are eighteen years of age and ready to enter the Universities, or at least until the age of fifteen or sixteen. It would never occur to an American mother to put the training of young children, a difficult and highly specialized task, into the hands of a dependant (Oh, shade of Charles Dickens) who "gives them instruction," in return for her board. In fact, it would not be allowed. In order to educate a child at home it is necessary to prove to the satisfaction of the authorities that the training will be at least as good as that given by the schools. If a clergyman came into a rural community and found that the school was unfit for his own children, he would consider it his first duty to see that it was improved, if he had to teach it himself. Exit, therefore, the governess, and the boarding school.

"Parson's Wife" spends a surprising amount of time on the family wardrobe. Are the English clergy so dressy? Take the laundry. Because of our central heating, we do not go in much for heavy woollen underwear. Light wool and silk garments, which deteriorate if left soiled, are washed out in the bathroom as soon as they are taken off, by the wearer, if he is old enough, and hung on a rack to dry. They are not ironed. The rest of the clothes are put into a washing machine, electrically driven, and are all washed and out on the line in the time it takes "Parson's Wife" to count and list them. They are ironed at convenience in odd moments with an electric iron that heats in a few seconds. There are also ironing machines for larger families. Thus the laundress vanishes.

The clothes are mended in odd moments, such as the evening time spent by "Parson's Wife" in knitting stockings. An American woman does not knit stockings, except as a pastime. Knitting is something that can be done just as well and much more quickly by machinery. Nor does she make any of her husband's clothes, nor her own, nor the older children's tailored garments. Our Jewish citizens have rendered us a real service in supplying us with excellent ready-made garments of this type at reasonable prices. The result, to be sure, is that you cannot, by looking at him, tell a banker from a coalheaver in his off hours. An American's social status is indicated, not by his clothes, but by his diction. This is confusing to foreigners, causing situations that are ludicrous to us and infuriating to the foreigner, but it is better than the sad conditions described by "Parson's Wife" For seamstresses have vanished, practically, from our midst, and tailors are patronized only by those of the wealthy who have eccentric shapes.

This leaves, then, the cooking, cleaning, and the making of the children's and of her own lighter garments. The last is done, with the aid of a sewing machine and excellent up-to-the-minute paper patterns, in a few hours a day for a month or so in the spring and fall. The needlework does not drag out during the entire year. By dint of living in fewer rooms, as mentioned above, by simplifying rugs, draperies and bric-a-brac, and with the aid of a vacuum cleaner and possibly of a charwoman once or twice a week, the cleaning is gotten out of the way. Exit the two young maids, who need so much supervision, and do so much damage.

An American, living in a large town, with an income of five thousand dollars a year, would probably have a cook. She might possibly also have a nursemaid, if her children were very small. But such help is practically unobtainable in the country and it would not be considered proper, in any case, if there were a financial stringency. An American gentlewoman would, under no circumstances, deprive herself and her family of books, music, travel, magazines, and small luxuries in order to keep a cook. She would far rather do her own cooking, and usually does. She has, to be sure, a multitude of small contraptions to assist her, and there are many prepared and semi-prepared foods that are quite as nourishing and palatable, and nearly as cheap, as those prepared at home. Her marketing is not such a ceremony as it is with "Parson's Wife." She drives a car, not a horse, and she can shop on the way to and from such duties as parish visits. And the regular supplies, such as soap and sugar, are ordered by telephone—we all have telephones—and delivered once a day, or once a week, as the case may be, by the tradesman in his car. But the real simplification of the cooking problem is in the food itself. Americans are willing to concede that a man who works hard at manual labour needs a good deal of hearty food, and we see that he gets it. But we are of the unshakeable conviction that upper class Europeans eat too much, too elaborately and too often. We find that our health is better if our meals are fewer and simpler. Exit, then, the cook. Also the horse and his keeper.

I am, Sir, &c., KATHARINE L. BUELL.

Northfield, Mass.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL ISSUE IN CANADA

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—As an attentive reader of the *Spectator*, your forceful expositions on the free status of the self-governing Dominions have always been a source of sober gratification to me. I may be excused, therefore, if I point out an apparent inconsistency in this heretofore undeviating policy. In your issue of July 3rd, referring to the Canadian Constitutional crisis, you remark: "Mr. Mackenzie King demanded a dissolution, and as the Conservatives under Mr. Meighen resisted the demand, the Governor-General, Lord Byng, found himself in the disagreeable position of having to decide a question of party politics"; and in the ensuing number you attempt to justify his subsequent action in refusing a dissolution to Mr. King.

The problem to my mind depends on the theory of Colonial Constitutional practice, as applicable to-day, and has no reference whatsoever to the merits of the issue, on which dissolution was asked. Is the old Colonial theory of the Governor-General's duties applicable to-day; or should the modern

theory, paralleling British constitutional practice, as outlined in the past by Borden, Rowell, Meighen and King apply? Quoting your issue of June 12th: "Since the War, it has been clearly laid down that there must be equality of status among the self-governing nations of the British Commonwealth. . . . The British Commonwealth is a group of sister States under one Sovereign." Such being the case, and if, as Sir Robert Borden remarks in his Constitutional Studies, "the Governor-General is invested with practically the same powers and duties in this country as those pertaining to the King in the British Isles," therefore with reference to Anson's *Law and Custom of the Constitution*, 1922 edition, Vol. I., p. 327: "We may say then that the prerogative of dissolution is one which the King exercises on the advice and at the request of his Ministers, and that a request is not refused."

From 1896, when Lord Aberdeen was severely censured for failing to ratify some appointments of the defunct Tupper Ministry, it has been everywhere felt and generally agreed that the highest interests of the nation required that the Crown should not take any action which would involve it in the party politics of the day, and subject itself to charges of partiality, however unjust such might be. Until the recent crisis, such principles of responsible government seemed to have been fairly definitely established, based on the theory that the Representative of the Crown should act only upon the advice of his Constitutional advisers, and that the Prime Minister is answerable to the electors for advice given on the matter of dissolution.—I am, Sir, &c.,

GERALD S. GRAHAM.

Queen's University, Kingston, Canada.

[The principle that the Sovereign, or the Sovereign's representative, acts always "on the advice of his Ministers" is surely dependent, in the case of a demand for a dissolution, upon the ability of someone in the existing Parliament to form a Cabinet and carry on the Government. Mr. King, it must be remembered, had not a clear majority, and Mr. Meighen with the Progressives, so far as Lord Byng could see at first, could have carried on.—ED. *Spectator.*]

THE MORRIS MOTOR WORKS AT COWLEY

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—There is another side to the interesting picture drawn by your contributor of the Morris motor works and their founder. The fair City of Oxford is a priceless possession. It is unique in its combination of wealth of glorious buildings, romantic associations, and historic interest and natural beauty. The Morris motor works have grievously damaged this beauty and charm. They disfigure the immediate landscape in which they are placed, and worse still they are the cause of the growth of the ugliest and meanest part of the town for about a mile along the Cowley road. Can the material advantages of a flourishing industry compensate for the damage thus done to that beautiful city, that "queen of romance"? The prospect of the spread of the Morris works, which is imminent if your correspondent be correct, makes one shudder when one sees what it has already done.—I am, Sir, &c., FRANCIS HUGHESDON.

Sydney House, Malvern Wells.

THE OXFORD TOWN-PLANNING SCHEME

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—May I hope that among your many subjects of interest you will not lose sight of the affairs of the City and University of Oxford? As a neighbouring landowner remarks: "There is only one Oxford; there is also only one Thames, and both can easily and quickly be vulgarized and spoilt for all time." Some months ago, when a preliminary town-planning scheme was brought forward, only one or two persons ventured to raise objections to it. Since then it has been reported in the *Times* that the Minister of Health, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, is much interested in our ancient City, and that he has sent his Inspector to examine into the scheme. The Inspector finds it seriously defective, and accordingly Mr. Chamberlain has offered to interview some of the members of the City Council and other residents to discuss improved arrangements. There was a proposal to build small houses on fields liable to floods, with floors raised above the level that these would be likely to attain. The Inspector objected to this suggestion as causing pollution of the supply of water. Moreover, he was of opinion that the area for possible factories was not sufficiently distant from the City. There is already a manufactory of motor-cars on the higher ground at Cowley, but the Inspector held that future factories, if built at all, should be further off. But allow me to ask why, when there are so many industrial towns devoted to factories, there should be any idea admitted of an industrial area for Oxford? You have lately inserted some arresting articles on the damage of smoke to health, especially among young people. Why should our ancient Universities, for so many ages free from tall chimneys, be subjected to any such nuisance, injuring the health of both students and citizens? I hear that at Cambridge open spaces are carefully preserved; and if Oxford is less protected against the taint of smoke pollution, parents are likely to prefer sending their young people to the consequently healthier resort.

It appears to me that what the City Council needs is vision, so as to look to the future and thus to increase, and not in any way to mar, its great inheritance. Anyhow, till the sad condition of overcrowding in the slums has been more fully remedied it seems very unwise to introduce factory workers who will need housing.—I am, Sir, &c., S. HARVEY GEM.

Goodrich House, Ross-on-Wye. (M.A., Univ. Coll.).

MR. HAROLD RUSSELL

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—The sudden and untimely death of Mr. Harold Russell will cast a shadow over a wide circle of friends. He was an outstanding man—a man whose place in many lives it will be difficult, nay, impossible, to fill. His mind and character were essentially original. Though in no sense an eccentric or a visionary, he looked at the world of men and women in a way that was quite different from that assumed by the various categories into which human beings are generally divided—such as cynics, mystics, egotists, sentimentalists, logicians, materialists, reformers, individualists, radicals and die-hards. He took up with no second-hand opinions, but thought for himself. He was never "awed by rumour," never followed the crowd, never picked up his opinions at random, never echoed other men's opinions out of idleness. No doubt he was liable to be called *unteachable*, but how much better was that than the dull and assiduous conformity of most of his fellows.

Talking with him had no resemblance to listening to a gramophone. But though he was not teachable or easily convertible, he was in no sense a man of prejudices. Above all he was just, trustworthy and could not be frightened or cajoled or persuaded or influenced into doing what he judged to be wrong or foolish or base. He loved Nature, and especially birds, and probably knew as much about them as any man in England. He was a worthy representative of the great English stock from which he sprung, but no man had less family pride in the bad sense. He was no doubt fastidious in the conduct of life, but never arrogant.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. ST. LOE STRACHEY.

WHO WROTE THE FOURTH GOSPEL?

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In enunciating his ingenious and fascinating theory, has not Mr. Fleming ignored the unnamed or other disciple of ch. i.? Is it unreasonable to identify this disciple with the "loved" or "other" disciple of ch. xiii. onward, and to regard him as the author of the fourth Gospel?

On the other hand, would anybody contend that Lazarus is the unnamed disciple of ch. i.? Does not all internal evidence point to its being John the son of Zebedee? May I briefly range some of that evidence?

1. John and James were partners with Simon and Andrew (Luke v. 10). This suggests the likelihood of Andrew's companion being John.

2. (John i. 41). The words "first" (πρῶτον) and "own" (ἴδιον) imply that Andrew's unnamed companion did likewise, and that the two pairs of brothers, Andrew and Peter, John and James, were then enlisted as disciples.

3. In the four lists of the apostolic band there are consistently three groups of four (Judas Iscariot being omitted in Acts i.). Each group only varies in the order of its names.

The first consists of Peter, Andrew, James, and John, the four most intimate of our Lord's disciples. The second contains Philip and Bartholomew (whom it seems reasonable to identify with Nathanael). This interpretation fits remarkably the group arrangement of the lists of the apostles just set out.—I am, Sir, &c., J. S. Phillips.

Nutley Vicarage, Uckfield.

[Mr. Fleming writes: "In my article on the 'Loved Disciple' I had by no means forgotten the unnamed or other disciple of John I. But I was pressed for space, and was obliged to compress or omit much. I do not see why Lazarus should not be the unnamed disciple. (i) By Mr. Phillips' hypothesis that he was John, there is the difficulty of the omission of *James*. (ii) In John i. 41, it is probable, according to Prof. Moffatt and Mrs. Lewis (Old Syriac Gospels) 'that πρῶτον ("first") is a misreading for πρωΐ ("in the morning"). (iii) In the Fourth Gospel, Andrew is not found with Peter invariably. In ch. xii, he is found coupled with Philip, and he does not appear with Peter in ch. xxi. Of course, it is possible that the unnamed disciple of ch. i. was John, but there is no proof. And where was James, the elder brother?"—Ed. *Spectator*.]

HOW TO CLEAN OUR SKIES.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—Many people who ardently desire pure air and a smokeless sky feel that the associations for the promotion of those conditions are mistaken in their theories. Here are three points for consideration:—

1. The coke-burning furnaces of flats, office chambers, public baths, hotels, theatres, etc., throw out much black smoke, which in the damp air of England often cannot rise, and which is peculiarly oppressive and far more irritating to the chest and throat than coal smoke. One such furnace chimney will form a black pall over a large area when the wind is in the south-east. These furnaces are apparently suffered free play both in London and elsewhere, so they can easily be studied.

2. If domestic fires pollute the air more than industrial, how is it that large residential towns are not affected, while the manufacturing towns which employ coal or coke are charged with soot? And why is an industrial town such as Coventry, which employs electricity, free from black dirt?

3. How is it that New Zealand, with considerably less water power than Great Britain, can use that power both domestically and agriculturally, with plant installed by British firms, if we cannot do likewise?

The truth is that coal, a good servant but a bad master, has got the better of us, and we do not dare to make ourselves at least semi-independent of it. Wherever there has been a watermill there is water power, and where a windmill wind-power. The source of these powers is cheap and infinite. The use of them would correct our dependence upon one tyrannical industry, would cleanse our towns, bring back beauty to miles of poisoned vegetation, and health to smoke and gas-soaked human beings. For heaven's sake do not let us repudiate one form of air pollution to rush upon another. Coal, coke, and gas are all filthy, and only fit for use on a high site and in a dry air, or in open country where the fumes are quickly dispersed—of the three coal is the cleanest and healthiest. But the locks of the Thames are waiting at London's gates with their power unused, and men are crying out for work. Meanwhile, the coke furnaces multiply and the fogs continue.—I am, Sir, &c., W. Jones.

9 *Old Square, W.C.* 2.

A KNOCK-OUT COMPETITION AT CRICKET

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—Towards the end of your leader on "the fourth stump in cricket," you say: "but all this is mere theorizing." Something very similar to Colonel Forman's suggestion has been in operation here in Penrith and is a pronounced success. A knock-out competition, with a time-limit of 1¼ hours' batting each side, is played in the evenings during the season. Many teams from the surrounding district enter, and so many spectators turn out that the finances of the Club, formerly in low water, are now in a very flourishing condition. These games arouse a keenness and an interest far beyond the expectations of those responsible for the inauguration of the competition, and that interest is spreading to the ordinary Saturday afternoon gates and to cricket generally. The time-limit has done much to set cricket on its feet again in these parts.—I am, Sir, &c., W. Hartley.

The Rectory, Great Salkeld, Penrith.

ELIOT OF HARVARD

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—There is one incident in Dr. Eliot's career which ought to be recalled in England while his name is in the public mind. He was a staunch friend of England at all times, and when Prince Henry of Prussia visited the United States to revive the German interest there, he was suspicious of a political motive. Harvard University decided to give Prince Henry an honorary degree and President Eliot, who had to present him, determined that the occasion should not be used for German propaganda. This was how he presented Prince Henry: "Gentlemen, I have the honour to present to you H.R.H. Prince Henry of Prussia. We do not forget that he is the grandson of Queen Victoria and that when this country was in the throes of a fratricidal conflict Queen Victoria said to her Prime Minister: 'I hope you will not present to me any document which means war with the United States, for I will sign no such document.'" Prince Henry did not make much capital out of that.

Few people in England realize what it meant in the critical months of 1914 to have the cause of the Allies presented to the American people by the judicious, calm, succinct, and forceful letters of ex-President Eliot in the *New York Times*. I visited him in his home in Cambridge during those months and retain the impression made by the whole atmosphere of his home and by his dignified, alert, weighty personality. He made me feel that I was in the presence of a great Englishman of the type of Chatham, Stamford Raffles or Gladstone. It was a thousand pities that he was not better known in England.—I am, Sir, &c.

Dugald Macfadyen.

Bramble Bank, Alington Lane, Letchworth, Herts.

POETRY

DEATH AND CHANGE

The farmer with sickle cuts down the bright corn
To raise food for the people.
And hills are disrupted and grievously torn
For bells in the steeple.
Chill mists of November, December denude
The red breasts of October,
And the bright swelling Earth lies depleted and rude
For new fairness to robe her.

Repletion goes forth like the blade of a sword,
And Need like a sickle;
But the Uplift of Passion's an axe of the Lord
When man's strength has turned fickle.
The sword and the sickle combine and swing low
Through the ripe corn's elation.
But the axe is upreared to the stars for its blow
On the neck of Creation.

Let us joy in the Sun ere the summer grow lax
And its last warmth is gleaming;
The eyes of the sickle, the sword, and the axe
Are watching and dreaming.
Give thanks for the summer; but shrink not, O heart,
As they flash out of hiding;
Strong life from the hard steel shall softly upstart,
New Hope from Death's chiding.

Give thanks for the summer, sing rondels and psalms
Ere their edge be upon you;
Then grip the hard steel in the pits of your palms,
Put timidity from you.
The eyes of man's spirit unclose and see clear
When his life lies acrumble,
And Divinity blazons the banners of Fear
When all is atumble.

Herbert E. Palmer.

A MOUSE FROM THE MOUNTAIN
AND OTHER FICTION

The World of William Clissold. By H. G. Wells. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

THE publication of the first volume of Mr. Wells' new work has been awaited with unusual expectation—with a kindly, eager expectation too. There is, I believe, an impression abroad that critics and readers delight in the decline of a popular author, but in England at least that is not so; witness the universal pleasure at Mr. Arnold Bennett's recovery of his true form in *Riceyman Steps* two years ago, the happy recognition of the one volume *Forsyte Saga*, and the welcome this summer given to *Ulick and Soracha*. And to Mr. Wells especially all English lovers of books owe a peculiar debt. For how many years now he has entertained and delighted us! With what gusto we recover the fun and life and energy of *The Time Machine*, *Mr. Polly*, *Tono-Bungay*—how grateful we are and how eager to pay something of our obligation. And here it has seemed for some months past is to be our opportunity! No one can possibly accuse Mr. Wells' publishers of neglecting the sweet uses of publicity. First came the little vague paragraphs, then the definite title, then a thick exultant pamphlet, and then in a prominent column in a prominent Sunday newspaper the full publication of Mr. Wells' preface to his work—a somewhat scolding, truculent preface daring any reader not to see the book as Mr. Wells sees it, and pronouncing the very doubtful thesis that fictitious and real living persons may meet together within the pages of a novel and verisimilitude triumph. Indeed, this thesis was lively and doubtful enough to produce leaders and articles and letters and exultant cries from other novelists who happened by the oddest chance to be doing the same thing at the same time; and then, after the thunder and the lightning, the first volume appears!

The majority of readers will certainly begin the autobiography of William Clissold with the eager hope that here is to be found Mr. Wells' master work. No one can deny that during the last few years there has been a general impression that Mr. Wells has been following the wrong path. In all probability no artist should listen very closely to the arguments of his critics, but when in all circles of Mr. Wells' readers, critical as well as non-critical, the opinion seems to be almost universal that either *Mr. Polly* or *Tono-Bungay* is his most notable and enduring work it is possible that a truth lies hidden here. In short, what Mr. Wells' readers have been imploring Mr. Wells to return and be once again is—a novelist. Over and over he has refused that plea. Last year, for the first half of *Christina Alberta* it seemed that he had acceded to us, but, alas! the flood rose and Christina and her father became mouthpieces instead of individuals. To *William Clissold*, then, we turn with all the greater zest and hope. It is of the first importance, however, that we should read the book as Mr. Wells intends us to read it. Fatal to make that common mistake of critical readers, demand that he should have written something else! And here we have the worst excuse, because both in the author's preface and in the publishers' triumphant exordium we are told exactly what this book is. The author says: "This book, then, *The World of William Clissold*, is a novel. It is claimed to be a complete, full-dress novel, that and nothing more." This is clear enough. The publishers add: "That is what Mr. Wells has to say about his book. But as his publishers we owe it to him and ourselves to state, no less emphatically than he himself states, that *The World of William Clissold* is a novel and a novel of proportions not hitherto approached in our time."

We, the readers, know then exactly where we are. *William Clissold* is before everything else a novel. This statement indeed raises our hopes high, because whatever other things a novel may do it must create character and involve us in some kind of a narrative. Here then we are promised that Mr. Wells will be back at his own true job, exercising the splendid genius that has given us *Hoopdriver*, *Uncle Ponderevo*, *Mr. Polly* and *Kipps*. This is the first question to be answered: This first volume consumed and digested, are our expectations realized? Are we given characters living and breathing created in their own environment, independent in their individual existence of the author's summary of them? Have we a narrative progressive and cumulating? Have we, as the publishers claim, "a novel in the truest sense," "a work that may prove epoch-making in the literal sense—that it may have a power to shape and mould the future of our world"?

In the first place it is possible that the publishers have made a mistake in issuing this first volume (containing Books I and II) by itself. After the splendid announcements it will be to some readers a trifle disappointing to realize this small volume of 244 pages, widely spaced, rather insignificantly bound. Mere size, of course, has nothing to do with the matter, but the volume does not, it must be confessed, *appear* imposing. And then, looking back, the book closed, can we feel that we have in the course of it encountered any very vividly created characters? Alas! we cannot. They are doubtless to come in the later volumes, but we have been given this volume by itself, must wait a whole month for the next, and have, therefore, only this to judge by.

It may be that William Clissold himself will in time achieve an individual existence and appear at the last as Mr. Wells' most vivid and arresting creation. I must confess that I am not very sanguine. Mr. Wells himself seems a little uneasy in this matter. In his preface he states: "William Clissold is a fictitious character, and his thoughts and ideas throughout are the thoughts and ideas natural to his mental and social type. He is (to the best of his author's ability) his own self and not his author's self." Mr. Wells complains then with some bitterness of the determination of stupid reviewers to confuse his characters with himself. "Even Hamlet," he says, "is believed to be a self-projection of Shakespeare." Yes, but surely everything depends on this: is the character created individual and apart at last from the author so that we feel that his life and personality continue beyond and outside the author's? Hamlet and Macbeth and Rosalind and Iago may contain, each one, something of Shakespeare, but they exist independently of him and were there, we are almost persuaded, before ever he was. So Uncle Toby and Squire Weston and Emma Bovary and Dmitri Karamazov. So, alas! not as yet William Clissold and his Clementina. How *can* William Clissold have a separate existence for us when he writes and speaks exactly as H. G. Wells has been writing and speaking to us for the last twenty years, saying not only the same so well-known things but using the same so utterly familiar accent?

Open the book where you will the voice is unmistakable. "My mind takes a wider range beyond these Riviera resorts, these patches of luminous eczema upon the broad face of the earth." "For some time now I have had the idea of writing a book dominating my mind. . . ." "One is apt to think of the steam-engine, for instance, with its intricate, tremendous influence upon transport. . . ." Are these sentences to be mistaken? And when, on page 92, we read: "Someone mentioned a distant relative of mine, Wells, who had employed many religious expressions in a book called *God, the Invisible King*," we are simply bewildered, seeing a shadow beyond a shade, a looking-glass world in which an infinite number of vociferous Wells reproduce themselves. It may be said at once that the much-debated question of the introduction of living persons into a work of fiction does not in this present volume present many difficulties—partly because this first section is scarcely as yet a work of fiction, and partly because the living persons are not very living. Dr. Jung, Sir Edmund Gosse's father, the names of Mr. Belloc and Dean Inge, these shadowy allusions do not shatter the shadowy reality.

No, this is not as yet a work of fiction. No characters are as yet created; there is almost no narrative (I must except the lively and vivid moment of the death of Clissold's father); Clissold's brother, Dickon, is mentioned, but does not come to life; and there is a lady, Clementina, who appears for a brief instant to interrupt Clissold's thoughts on Socialism and ruffle his hair. These persons are created I do not doubt in

later volumes. I repeat that it is sad for us to have only this volume by which to test them.

And instead—what? A helter-skelter, inchoate, infinite repetition of Mr. Wells' well-known opinions on Religion, Socialism, Machinery, the State and the rest. Brilliant and provocative indeed might many of these seem were we meeting him for the first time. But for those of us who have read Mr. Wells' earlier books what shall we say of our disappointment? There are pages here that seem exact repetitions of *God, the Invisible King, The Undying Fire, The Outline of History, The World Set Free*. It is possible that, expecting as I did something very different, my disappointment has led me to injustice. In any case it is unfair to judge this volume by itself. For the inevitability of that I am not to blame.

But what it comes to is this—in the region of ideas, of history, philosophy, metaphysics, Mr. Wells has many most notable rivals; in the realm of the novel as the creator of splendid and moving characters, he has in England at least but few competitors. Why must he so persistently desert his own kingdom for one in which, try as he may, he can never be king? HUGH WALPOLE.

THE CASUARINA TREE. By W. S. Maugham. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)—These eight stories by Mr. Somerset Maugham all dwell upon English people living in the Malay Peninsula. Each is at once grimly dramatic and yet packed with clear observation and romance. Perhaps the most striking is "The Yellow Streak," which strips away the disguises of a man like any other Englishman to all appearance, dogged by the knowledge of the strain of native blood in his veins. Stark as a newspaper murder-trial is "The Letter," with its revelation of the passions that are found lurking in the soul of a demure, mousy little woman.

All the tales are well written, far more carefully indeed than some of the author's recent fiction. The compass of a short story suits his talent well, for he can be economical, tersely vivid and yet supply all that the imagination demands. And though the local colour of the East is never obtruded, it is of the East that his tales are compounded, and of the insoluble problems that it presents to the Westerners who, laying the foundations of Empire there, live by laws that are alien and pay a heavy penalty for their allegiance to the Anglo-Saxon code.

Mr. Maugham's study of Mr. Warburton, an almost magnificently immense snob, set down by fate in a position of authority far from civilization in the Malay interior, is brilliant. Such of Warburton's energy as is not directed towards the rule of the district for which he is responsible is wholly taken up with being a gentleman of the old school, the school to which he—with his merchant blood—knew that he had never quite belonged. Sudden contact with a young and most impudently ungentlemanlike boy from England sets up sinister currents in his desiccated, pathetic soul and a tragedy follows. It is with the greatest possible ease and skill that Mr. Maugham builds up his plot compactly into a short story which is a model of form and economy, and presented with admirable point and vigour.

MARTHA AND MARY. By J. Anker Larsen. Translated from the Danish by Arthur G. Chater. (Knopf. 7s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Larsen, the author of this unusual and extremely beautiful novel, is a novelist of the first order, and a writer of European importance. Seldom do the presses send out a story of such clarity, depth and spiritual innocence: there has been no serious novel in the past years shedding so much creative light on modern civilization and its deepest problems. Yet, while the book will come as a message of great purity and import to thoughtful people, especially those perplexed for choice of some bridge between religion and behaviour, the novel with its sincere, human tale of two sisters stands by itself as fiction of a fine and moving sort.

Martha and Mary tells a simple, domestic story of two little country girls, separated from each other in infancy, going through life with its general round of work and marriage, until they come together again, late in life, each bringing the other the quiet comfort they need. Mary, the elder of the twins, is a mystic, while Martha the realist, no less full of sensitiveness and imagination, expresses herself best in work which her nimble fingers make so easy for her. There is something lovely about each of them. On them, on the minor characters in the book, on the farms and fields where they go, a rare beauty falls, which springs from the author's own conception of life itself. In no sense a problem novel, *Martha and Mary* has all the definition and conviction of great realistic fiction, and the tenderness and love for the human world that makes the tales of Hans Andersen so poignant and vivid. At the same time it expresses, without dogmatizing, a definite point of view and peaceably reconciles the temporal and the eternal impulses of mankind. The work of translation has been done excellently for this book, which is undoubtedly a most important contribution to contemporary literature.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS

The latest volume of the "Saki" series (*The Toys of Peace*, By H. H. Munro, John Lane, 3s. 6d.) is not quite as funny as its predecessors, but the delicious irony and deft characterization are there: also a preface by Mr. G. K. Chesterton (not in his best style), and a memoir of "Saki." Readers who have the other volumes will want this, for the late H. H. Munro will live as a representative humorist of England just before the War.

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The September number of *St. Martin's Review* (6d. monthly, Chandos Street, W.C. 2) is devoted entirely to St. Francis, and has an article in it by Miss Underhill which alone would make it a number to buy and keep. The "nature mysticism" of St. Francis went far deeper, as she points out, than modern intellectual Monism. The Little Poor Man of Assisi led a secret inner life of which his fire and gaiety were but the outward symbol, the vesture so to speak, of his soul in Christ. We know of his practical works, but not of the passion in his soul on that autumn night when he saw the six-winged angel.

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Among recent reference books received, *The English Catalogue of Books* (56 Whitcombe Street, W. 2) gives all the books issued in the United Kingdom between 1921 and 1925, It is, of course, invaluable to librarians and a mine of information to all who have to deal with contemporary literature. * * * *The Canada Year Book for* 1925, published under the authority of the Canadian Government, contains in some thousand pages much well-digested information. We need only draw attention to its publication, for the Canadians are well known for the methodical and well-planned statistics they issue concerning the resources of their wonderful country. * * * Switzerland is another country which never lacks guide books. Messrs. Ward Lock's *Switzerland*, published at 5s. in their series of tourist handbooks, is a useful publication at a popular price. Maps and illustrations are good: there is not too much detailed information, yet everything the average traveller wants to know.

* * * *

Our contemporary, *Country Life*, is publishing weekly instalments of a shooting novel by Mr. Cutliffe-Hyne which is delightful reading. Good sporting novels are rare: this looks as if it would be one. In the same number (August 28th) there are some magnificent illustrations of the Holy Places of St. Francis.

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A new publication is *Quebec* (6d. monthly from 38 Kingsway), which is devoted to the interests of that Province, in Great Britain. There are many interesting features—for instance, a column about a Mr. Smith who admitted to making £19,000 a year out of rum-running, and objected to paying Income Tax on this amount, as it was an illicit trade. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has decided that he cannot defeat taxation by "setting up his own wrong" and have made him pay.

* * * *

Sir Frederick Maurice's new book, *Governments and War* (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.) will be reviewed in a later issue. It is an important military work, dealing first with the methods of Lincoln in conducting the American Civil War, and then with our methods in the Great War. "One of the reasons why almost every war upon which we have entered for the last hundred and fifty years has begun disastrously for us, is that we have never understood the difference between Government in peace and war." Sir Frederick outlines the functions of statesmen, soldiers and people with his usual brilliance.

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We are glad to see that Mr. Claud Worth's *Yacht Cruising* (J. D. Potter, 21s. net) has reached a third edition, for it is a success thoroughly deserved. The chapter on "The Management of Yachts in Bad Weather" has become famous among practical cruising men. Particularly valuable are the chapters about the upkeep of a yacht, for an old yacht may still be young if she has been well and wisely cared for.

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Mr. Vowles' *The Web of Finance*, mentioned in this column last week, is obtainable from Mr. John Bellows, Gloucester, 1s. 2d. post free.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Quevedo.* By Charles Duff. (Routledge. 12s. 6d.)——*Marvels of Modern Mechanics.* By Harold T. Wilkins. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.)——*The Queen of Roumania's Fairy Book.* (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s.)——*Bulletin of the Imperial Institute* (John Murray. 5s.)——*Sources for the History of British India.* By Shafaat Ahmad Khan. (Oxford University Press. 25s.)——*The Homes of George Eliot* and *Clifford's Inn.* By A. Leonard Summers. (Folk Press. 1s. each.)——*London in the Fourth Century as described in the Song of Weyland.* By Katherine Buck. (Mayhew. 3s.)——*A Gleaming Cohort.* A Selection from the Works of G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen. 2s. 6d.)——*Joseph Conrad as I Knew Him.* By Jessie Conrad. (Heinemann. 6s.)——*How to Use a Bank.* Lloyd's Bank Limited. (W. H. Smith and Sons. 6d.)

PSYCHOLOGY AND SCIENCE.—*The Psychology of Thought.* By H. L. Hollingworth. (Appleton. 10s. 6d.)——*Sibylla or the Revival of Prophecy.* By C. A. Mace. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.)——*Psychology and Education.* By R. M. Ogden. (Routledge. 12s. 6d.)——*The Pedigree of the Human Race.* By H. H. Wilder. (Harrap. 12s. 6d.)

TRAVEL.—*A Wanderer in Rome.* By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)——*A Wayfarer in Sweden.* By Frederic Whyte. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)——*A Book of South India.* By J. Chartres Molony. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

NOVELS.—*The World of William Clissold.* By H. G. Wells. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)——*Far End.* By May Sinclair. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)——*Sea Whispers.* By W. W. Jacobs. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)——*The Casuarina Tree.* By Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

THE COMPETITION

"Everyone who thinks and feels is apt at times to fall into the state of mind of the Psalmist, and believe that—

'All the earth is full of darkness and cruel habitations.'

Therefore I should like to see the result of a demand for a story, incident, or even reported saying tending to reconcile one to human nature."—"AULIFFE."

The Editor offers a prize of £5 for an anecdote fulfilling "Auliffe's" conditions.

We do not demand literary merit in the entries for this competition. We should like them to be simple and straightforward, and we ask no more. Readers will differ, we feel sure, in their conception of the highest qualities of human nature. Some will think of heroisms and instances of great courage, some of kindly actions, some of patience or persistence in difficult circumstances. All will be welcome.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All entries must be received on or before Friday, Sept. 10th.
2. Competitors may send in as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be accompanied by one of the coupons to be found on page iii of this issue.
3. The name and address (or the pseudonym) of every competitor must be written clearly at the foot of his manuscript.
4. The Editor cannot return any manuscript submitted for the competition, nor can he enter into correspondence with competitors.
5. The Editor reserves the right of printing any manuscript submitted.
6. Envelopes must be addressed: Competition, *The Spectator*, 13 York Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. 2.

NEXT WEEK

Lord Grey's *Fallodon Papers* and Dean Inge's *England* reviewed by Sir William Beach-Thomas.

Also reviews of *George IV* by Shane Leslie, *To-day and To-morrow* by Henry Ford, and two important novels, *The Exquisite Perdita* by E. Barrington and *The Old Bridge* by W. J. Locke.

A GUIDE-BOOK FOR THE MILKY WAY

The Wonder and the Glory of the Stars. By Professor C. Lees Forbes, M.A., Hon. LL.D. (St. Andrews), F.R.S. (Benn. 8s. 6d.)

AUTUMN is approaching. To star-worshippers it is what the spring of the year is to botanists and gardeners. We shall soon see the mighty hunter Orion stride up out of the south-eastern sky, and round him all the titans of the winter night—Sirius, Procyon, Capella, Aldebaran, and the Twins. Out will come our star maps and almanacs, and the six-months feast of reverence will have begun.

For those of us who cannot or have no opportunity to master the initiation rites prescribed in a study of astronomical mathematics, this period of the year returns with increasing disturbance to our minds, and unrest to our imaginations. We realize, of course, that the bafflement we feel is also felt by those masters who stand in the van of astro-physical knowledge, and that Galileo and Herschel died broken-hearted because of their incredible ignorance and smallness of mind. But we know, and rightly, that there is a whole world of experience lying between these apparently similar psychological states.

The awe which *we* feel is the same as that which abashes the savage, and bows him to earth. It is too vague to give us any tangible inspiration or intellectual impulse, and serves rather as a repressive agent, and a fosterer of superstition. But the awe of the astronomer is the awe of wonder cogent with knowledge. It is an increasing and coherent passion born out of that knowledge. It comes of recognition triumphant over bewilderment. Mr. Wells, in the first volume of his new novel, says that the mechanical precision which we suppose to be the principle of the movements of the heavens has no reality. He suggests that the exceptions are too many to prove the rule. While that is a dangerous thing for a layman to say to laymen, it yet indicates the path along which the scientist ever travels. It shows why the expert is always in a sort of inspired and joyful despair; ever about to grasp the elusive secret, and ever losing it in a new field of contradictions.

These terrifying activities in the realm of paradox, however, are not for the amateur. His interest and profit lie in a more orthodox submission to the geometrical rules and the sidereal topography which give the first steps for making order out of confusion. He has now an increasing literature for this purpose, for the modern astronomers, particularly those in the American observatories, have a large compassion for him. He does well, however, to commence with that old classic, Ball's *Story of the Heavens*. Another, even more concise, primer is J. H. Fabre's attempt to give a survey of astronomical knowledge to children.

The volume under review is such as these. It takes the ignorant but eager reader out into the open on a September evening, and begins by mapping out the heavens in a practical rule-of-thumb way. The major constellations and the planets are identified as they rise in the east and pass over the south in their procession round the Pole Star, which stands behind the spectator. The procession lasts for ten hours, and in that time all the nobler stars and constellations of the northern hemisphere have passed in review. These first attempts of the tyro to pick out the main groups are fraught with difficulty, and this book is certainly the best I have met for overcoming it. Emphasis is wisely laid on that particular grouping which is to be seen at 9 p.m. in March, just past the southern sky. There stands Orion under a perfect arch composed of six of the greatest stars. At the left base is Sirius, the largest of all, Orion's dog, and a powerful and sinister influence on human destiny, worshipped by the ancient Sumerians as Sothis, the father of the Gods. Then follow Procyon, Pollux, Castor, Capella (that yellow eastern queen of autumn), and the surly red Aldebaran.

After these more general identifications, the plunge is taken into the theories underlying the movements of the stars. From that moment the author tends to lose his sense of the relation between his novitiate of readers and the enormity of his subject matter. In consequence, his milk for babes often becomes vitriol, and he enters those fields of controversy where the experts are engaged, fighting over such sturdy

problems as the origin of solar energy, the generation of spiral nebulae, or the common constitution of stars. He does not let himself go thus far, fortunately, without conscientiously touching on the more stable theories and the facts on which they are built.

While much attention is given to the more spectacular incidents of the astral year, we feel that the reader would better profit had he been more emphatically directed to the simple physical miracles. For instance, he should at the very beginning learn *why it is that he sees the procession of the stars at all*. Were it not for the fact that the solar day is four minutes longer than the astral day—due to the movement of the Earth in her orbit round the Sun—we should be surrounded by a comparatively fixed empyrean, only one constant hemisphere of which we should ever see. Such a little fact as that, amid all the terrors and splendours of space, tornadoes in the sun, comets, and other excitements of the heavens, is like the still small voice that came to the prophet.

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE WORLD IN DANGER

Scientific Humanism. By Lothrop Stoddard. (Scribners. 7s. 6d. net.)

WE know the argument. Perhaps we know its force. Empires and civilizations have died in the past. Is there anything unique in our own civilization to save it from following all the rest into the abyss of time? And are there not signs of disintegration all round us, signs of impending catastrophe? Suppose we could regard the War, the industrial dislocation of our time, our spiritual *malaise*, not as isolated misfortunes, but as *symptoms*: would it not seem that our civilization was already upon its death-bed?

Dr. Stoddard is no alarmist. He insists that we should face the gravity of our situation; but at the same time he declares that there *is* a uniqueness in our age, there *is* a hope of salvation. Other civilizations passed because it was really impossible to know the causes of their disease. There were factors entirely out of men's control. Moreover, the spirit of scientific impartiality was not yet born; nations could neither diagnose their complaints, nor set themselves with equanimity to curing them.

Men still live by catch-words and think confusedly, half from the intellect, half from the heart. None the less, the possibility of unbiased thought has been given us. Dr. Stoddard proposes that we should realize our dangers to the full and co-ordinate our efforts, definitely and wholeheartedly, towards finding a scientific solution of them. Let us do this, he urges, with an open mind, without prejudgment or inhibitions. It is of no use to come forward with the mind already made up—with unconquerable objections to this or that method of treatment. We may be sure that we are deep enough involved in our sickness for the remedy to be painful. A new thought is always painful in some degree. It is chilling to be faced with reality after the warmth and idleness of dreams. We must accept responsibility, then, for the diagnosis, and not try to shelve it when it is made. To go on dreaming would be disastrous. His proposal is the spread of the scientific spirit. He quotes from a scientific writer:—

> "Human thinking has been revolutionized by scientific knowledge and method. It is this spiritual aspect of modern science that is its most significant feature. By comparison, the material aspect is insignificant. Modern thought is the outcome of modern science. The scientific habit of mind is the unpredictable factor in the life of mankind to-day. Its possibilities for the future defy all estimates of prophecy."

Yet, for all that, there is a popular mistrust of science, and it is a heroic task for anyone to maintain impartiality. It would need a new and complete *act of will* on the part of humanity before Dr. Stoddard's vision of a world-diagnosis of human destiny could be put into effect.

It is here that Dr. Stoddard is weak. His eye is on science; he scarcely considers that science itself is without motive force except from the will. If our civilization is decadent, then the disease has afflicted our will to cure ourselves. In other words, there is an underlying and unconscious feeling in many people that it is not worth while to make the effort that Dr. Stoddard demands; that, if such is the trend of events, they may be left to take their own course.

And, in truth, it is very greatly the spirit of scientific determinism that has impoverished the will. With many it has killed the religious impulse; that is to say, it has killed hope. But this does not invalidate Dr. Stoddard's argument. It is still possible for man to increase his will by conscious effort. As Swedenborg said: "Since the sciences have closed the understanding, therefore, the sciences must open it." And science, directed and enlivened by the will, can provide the remedy for our evils. If we allow our civilization to fail its death will be upon our own heads.

J. R.

A GREAT PAGAN

Conversations with Anatole France. By Nicolas Ségur. (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.)

SOMETIMES it is the wiser course to seek no further acquaintance with authors than through their books. With Anatole France it was otherwise, but personal intimacy with him reveals nothing more than his marvellous witchery of writing had already proclaimed to the world—that all human endeavour is vain; that in beauty alone, and especially in undraped female beauty, we shall find salvation, for in it we shall find oblivion; that the very object of being a Christian is the remission of sins, and that hence it is eminently necessary for a man to commit sin before he can be a Christian. These and many other like doctrines of the great Pagan are to be found in M. Ségur's *Conversations with Anatole France*, which Mr. J. Lewis May has very charmingly translated.

This is no place to attempt any appreciation, much less any depreciation, of Anatole France; the beauty of his writing, the ingenuously subtle simplicity of his genius almost succeed in disarming criticism. But with it all an uneasy doubt creeps in—Was the Master intellectually sincere? Did he really believe that all human endeavour was in vain? If he did, it is difficult to understand why he did not, like an Eastern fakir, cast ashes on his head, and sit in any convenient apartment meditating on the futility of the world. If he did, it is also difficult to understand why he looked on literature seriously, and that he did is beyond doubt. "Writing appeared to him rather like a supremely delightful amusement, elegant child's play, a sort of artificial illusion, an anodyne, like the lotus or opium, which enables a man temporarily to escape from the prison house of self." So M. Ségur, but it is an explanation which it is hard to accept; every artist has a conscious joy and pride in his work, and joy and pride shine through every line of Anatole France's work. It is easy, too, to write, as M. Ségur does, of "the tragic spectacle of a being belonging to another world and furnished with stricken wings which beat hopelessly, and bruised themselves against the walls of the prison that held him captive." One would like to hear France's own sardonic comment on this piece of fine writing. After all we are men, and live in a world of men, and it requires something more than ordinary credulousness to consider seriously and sympathize with a man who refuses to accept human conditions and is continually lamenting over the mournful phantasmagoria of the Universe. With the very greatest respect, and even with such sympathy as should always be displayed towards disease, one seems to see in Anatole France, first a case of conscious pose, which later developed and hardened into a diathesis of unconscious hysteria. Be that, however, as it may, it is refreshing to be jolted occasionally out of the rut of convention, France, with the logic of his race and the piercing discernment of his own genius, drives us to examine our conventions, and herein lies the value of his dialectic. Instances scattered through this fascinating book are numerous: his defence of devil-worship as in accord with "all the sound and healthy religions of primitive humanity," his statement that "civilization does not help us to be hopeful," his defence of prostitution on the ground that a courtesan is "a woman who practises humility . . . she giveth all that she hath. Moreover, she incites others to sin in order that they may afterwards repent." All these dicta make one think. Whatever our verdict on the points raised, we have nothing but thanks to M. Ségur for introducing us to the familiar talk of so charming, if so elusive, a personality, whose "real companions and tutelary guides were, as he himself has written, Irony and Pity. Irony for whatever is mean or hypocritical in life and the world; Pity, immense and fervent, for whatever of suffering or wretchedness is inherent in the destiny of man."

THE COLOUR PROBLEM IN AFRICA

The South Africans. By Sarah Gertrude Millen. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

South Africa, and therefore Great Britain and the whole British Empire, is deeply concerned with the management of the native problem by the Government of the Union. Indeed, there are few nations not interested in this matter. All the Great Powers of Europe except Russia have African relations, and the United States has a negro population. If Africa catches fire we shall all be scorched.

This vital problem is handled by Mrs. Millen, known already as an accomplished novelist, with extraordinary force and perception in her incursion into the fields, not of fiction but of contemporary politics. She has observed, she has something to say, and she knows how to say it—the three things that go to make up a good book.

It has been said that in medical science the essential thing is diagnosis. That is equally true in politics. You cannot attempt a remedy till you know what is the matter. Mrs. Millen's diagnosis is exact and set forth clearly and impartially. The result is depressing in a high degree. It suggests an "immedicable wound" in the Imperial Commonwealth. If General Hertzog and the Coalition of Dutch Nationalists and Labour which support him carry out the solution that they have adopted in principle, the fate of the Union must ultimately be one not only with that of Nineveh, Tyre and Carthage, but that of the sub-tropical Plantation States of modern times—Hayti or San Domingo. From that fate the Southern States of the American Union were only saved by the veto of the North upon the claim of the planters to do what they would with their own "niggers."

In the matter of oversea States there are two ways of government within the Empire. Complete democratic self-government, as in Canada, Australia and New Zealand; and trustee government, *i.e.*, Crown Colony government. One rightly applies to communities in which the white settlers are in a great majority and the aborigines a negligible minority. On the other hand trustee government, as in Nigeria or the Gold Coast or the West Indies, is an admitted success. What is not a success, and what never can be a success, morally, politically or in the end commercially, is the attempt to govern a mixed population, in which African natives predominate, through a minority resident white population. The white official, inspired by the sense of trusteeship, can be an ideal governor. The white financier, trader, planter, farmer, merchant, shop-keeper, and mechanic, *resident* among a population of coloured people, whom he partly dreads, and partly despises and whom he desires, unconsciously no doubt, to exploit for his own profit, makes the worst instrument of rule conceivable. Yet this is the instrument which is apparently about to be used in South Africa. If, the policy at present advocated by the Nationalists is carried out, the ultimate result, though it may take another thirty or forty years, must be a rising of the enslaved black men which will probably involve all Africa. With so much preface we commend Mrs. Millen's book to our readers' most serious attention.

INTERPRETATIONS OF CHRISTIANITY

The output of theology is perennial: and, though a good deal of it is merely repetitive or ephemeral, author or subject-matter makes certain books stand out from their fellows. They testify, at all events, to the fact that Christian thought is alive to the issues of the age, and is always trying to adjust and express itself so as to meet the questioning and needs of a world by no means indifferent to its message.

The personality of the Bishop of London stamps all that he says with qualities very much his own. We find in *The Sword of Goliath* (Wells, Gardner, 3s. 6d.)—Mission addresses delivered in the North of London—characteristics which would carry force to the average hearer, that is, to the generality of men. That is the Bishop's strength. He never soars over the heads of his audience, and he makes his points with clearness, and drives them home with direct force. Thus, in recommending books to be read, he names title, author, and also price, and then, anticipating objection on the score of expense, asks very sensibly, "Would you not spend as much on a theatre ticket?" In brief, we have here a shrewd, sympathetic, but (we are bound to add) superficial preacher, who glides with a sort of light ability over some current literature and familiar difficulties. Browning has helped him, and he quotes one of Browning's easiest poems; he meets the idea of Evolution more than once with a curious formula about evolving a watch being a greater thing than making a watch outright (what if the result, in either case, be imperfect?), he sees no difficulty in the Tokyo earthquake (what would he make of that of Lisbon, which is believed to have been responsible for much eighteenth-century infidelity?), his quotations are not impeccable, and he gets the story of Jekyll and Hyde wrong. Why did he think it worth while to print the questions and answers at the end of some addresses?

Sharing in Creation, by Professor Cosby Bell, D.D. (George Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.) is the title of the Bohlen Lectures of 1925, delivered in Philadelphia, and is on an entirely different level. Dr. Bell tries to reach a religious interpretation of the world and of life on "lines openly and confessedly Christian." For Christ to him is the key of all, the central Fact of the universe. And "no problem of life is soluble on the level of thought alone, for life is as yet actually incomplete." This is a very thoughtful book.

In *The Aim of Jesus Christ* (George Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.) Dr. W. F. Cooley seeks to come to close grips with the significance of Christ's actual message for the present day. He is a Modernist, accepting the beliefs that the historical Jesus held the current Jewish views as to an earthly and imminent kingdom, with Himself, the Messiah, as its king, that to the early Christian Church (which, by the way, Jesus did not come to found) the boundaries of what was subjective and what was objective in experience were very indistinct, that Christianity was quickly Hellenized and the idea of the Philonic Word attached to the Person and work of the Lord, and that Christ himself had no purpose of being a world-saviour. Of course, Dr. Cooley reaches at length the question, "Has not, then, Jesus of Nazareth been left behind in the

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first century, and must he not be allowed to remain there?" His reply, "I think not," is based on the continuous fact of the leadership of Jesus in pointing, with whatever limitations of his own times, to "a Kingdom of human weal with its necessary foundation and structure of social righteousness" and in giving evidence, "for those with mystical corroborations, of the persistence of life after death and the reality of a higher order of existence." In these two ways Christ demands our loyalty.

"People demand a simple Gospel." So says Bishop Russell Wakefield in a Foreword to *A Religion for Everyman*, by the Rev. G. B. Code (Wells, Gardner, 5s.). Perhaps they do, after a perusal of Dr. Cooley. But this little book that would make its brave appeal to "everyman" is rather too familiar and slapdash in its "simplicity" to win quite so comprehensive an audience. It fails, where so many have failed, in an attempt to sketch the development of the Boy and the Man Jesus. As we lift our eyes from the rather overdone heartiness of the description, the problem intrudes "What about His sinlessness?" It is not the only insistent questioning that has suggested itself as we have read these books. Is Christianity confident of itself and its message, or does it stand at the cross-roads, half baffled?

FAMOUS TRIALS

Blotted 'Scutcheons. By Horace Wyndham. (Hutchinson and Co. 18s.)

THIS is an attractive book, for every one of us likes a good trial, although people are often ashamed to admit it. Mr. Horace Wyndham has selected here fourteen *causes célèbres* from the last century or so of English life. The cases certainly make interesting reading, but we cannot pretend that he has done his work well. He is obviously ashamed of his subject, and seems to think it necessary to make some moral excuse for telling these curious stories of the Law Courts. A good scientific account of these cases might be of real historical interest, showing the actual morals and ideas of the period, but Mr. Wyndham's account is too fragmentary and opinionated to do much in this way.

It is interesting, however, to contrast two of his cases, that of Sir Charles Dilke which occurred at the end of the nineteenth century, and that of Lord Melbourne and Mrs. Norton at the beginning. These were both cases in which a politician's private life was attacked. Mr. Wyndham seems to suggest that morals were stricter at the beginning of the century than at the end, but the reverse seems to be the truth. Dilke was broken, while Melbourne twice escaped. No one, of course, would deny that the charges against Dilke were worse; but the whole atmosphere of the trial and of the Press comments was revealingly different. In Melbourne's days an old traditional feeling that a man must have his fling was evidently still alive. Take the extract from Charles Greville's diary which Mr. Wyndham gives us:—

> "Great talk about the adjournment of Parliament on the 20th, and about Melbourne's affair with Mrs. Norton, which latter, if not quashed, will be inconvenient. John Bull fancies himself vastly moral, and the court is mighty prudish, and between them our off-hand Premier will find himself in a ticklish position. He has been served with notices, but people rather doubt the action coming on. I asked the Duke of Wellington a night or two ago what he had heard of it, and what he thought would be the result. He said he had only heard what everybody said, and that nothing would result. . . . I doubt not Prime Ministers, ex and in, have a fellow-feeling and sympathy for each other, and like to lay down the principle of such things not mattering. I hope, however, that it will blow over, for it would really be very mischievous. The Tories would fall on the individual from political violence, the Radicals on his class or order from hatred to the aristocracy."

Contrast this with the rhetoric which Stead expended over Dilke:—

> "The man sinned and perjured his soul to deny his guilt, and now he asks as his reward that he shall be established in the high places of the land, to make the laws and direct the government of this Christian people. But it shall not be!"

DIRECT *subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to notify the Manager of the* SPECTATOR BEFORE MIDDAY ON *MONDAY* OF EACH WEEK. *The previous address to which the paper has been sent should be quoted in each case.*

COLLECTANEA

THE Bodley Head, for six shillings, gives us a reprint of the curious sixteenth-century poetical collection of love-poems entitled *Willobie His Avisa*, which purports to be "for the incouraging and helping of maides and wiues to holde an honest and conastnt course against all vnhonest and lewd temptations," but which in reality seems to veil a covert attack on certain great men of the time who are hidden under the anonymity of initials. One W. S., for instance (who, the Editor thinks, may be Shakespeare) is described as "a miserable comforter comforting his friend with an impossibilitie." Mr. G. B. Harrison adds to the book a critical essay which helps towards the understanding of some of its very cryptic allusions. * * * Miss Katherine Buck's *London in the Fourth Century* (Mayhew, 3s.) is a long narrative poem, full of antiquarian learning, which purports to give a contemporary account of the coronation of the Emperor Maximus in 383. The picture of Roman London, to which the author is largely indebted to Major Gordon Home, is striking and alive. * * * Old London—fifteenth-century London—receives some further description and illustration from Mr. Leonard Summer's *Clifford's Inn* (Folk Press, 1s.), and for the same price the same author and publishing house furnish a study of *The Homes of George Eliot*, to which is added "An appreciative commentary on her characteristics and philosophy"—surely by this time *vieux jeu?*

BOOKS IN BRIEFEST

THE late Sir Rickman Godlee's *A Village on the Thames* (Allen, 7s. 6d.) is a gem. Reading this book is like taking a country ramble with a friend (emphatically with a friend) who will chat to you delightfully on place-names, village history and church architecture, bid you note the *t-t-t-trrr* of the wood-wren, and in the snowtime explain the adventures of the birds and beasts which have left their marks on the tell-tale surface. The book is a living page of history—natural and civil. * * * Equally delightful though wider and more definitely literary in scope, is Mr. F. V. Morley's *River Thames from Source to Mouth* (Methuen, 16s.), the story of how the good ship *Wife of Bath* crept down river all the way from Lechlade to the Nore. A book in which very much pleasant browsing can be enjoyed, it tells you all about river-navigation and river-sights, and lets you land often and explore and admire whatever takes your fancy—literary, historical, or artistic. The water colour illustrations are charming. * * * *The Bermondsey Book* (Heinemann, 2s.) for June is worth getting, if only for Mr. Drinkwater's study of the poetry of Sir Edmund Gosse, and some curiosities about Mr. Aldous Huxley, who, it is nice to know, "has but little in common with the people in his books"! * * * *Mars at its Nearest* (A L'Enseigne de l'Hermine, Dinard, 6s.), by Mr. G. H. Hall, will appeal mainly to astronomers. The author holds that the dark areas observable on the surface of Mars are vegetational regions "watched over and cultivated by sentient beings." * * * A reissue of Mr. T. F. Bumpus' *The Cathedrals and Churches of Italy* (Laurie, 31s. 6d.) will be welcomed by all who have known that excellent book in its three-volume form. Rather an out-size for the pocket (it weighs 2½ lbs.), the book is indispensable for the study of any person who seeks an informed interpretation of the meaning and the beauty of Italian Church architecture. It is gloriously illustrated. * * * *Under the Rose* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) is described as by Anatole France, but would be more justly styled annotations by M. Michael Corday on the fragments of some dialogues which Anatole France intended to write under that title. From the framework and such scattered bricks as, "The figures of most women being imperfect, modesty serves them in good stead," one may interestedly infer what the completed structure would have looked like. * * * *The American Task in Persia* (Laurie, 15s.) is to an extent reminiscent of Morier's immortal *Hajji Baba*. Dr. Millspaugh went to Persia to set right that country's shaky finances, but yet found time to note and to record some of the psychology and manners of the Persian, who even in the East is acknowledged a past master in politeness and humbug

ANNOUNCING

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MOTORING NOTES

THE 1927 DAIMLER CAR

I HAVE just returned from a delightful week's tour in a Daimler car, and during this time approximately a thousand miles were covered. An excellent opportunity was thus afforded of judging its capabilities, and I have nothing but genuine praise and admiration for its remarkable silence, smooth running and flexibility; its wonderful powers of acceleration; the ease with which it surmounts the stiffest hills; and its supreme comfort. It is not mere maximum speed that makes a fast touring car, but rather a combination of rapid acceleration, smooth acting brakes, comfortable springing and ease of control. Given these qualities, quick journeys are possible without racing, and it is in this respect that the new Daimler makes such an excellent performance. Particularly is this excellence apparent when long journeys have to be undertaken, and the silence of the Daimler becomes a factor of ever-increasing importance in minimizing fatigue.

The cost of the maintenance of a car is really of more importance to the owner than the initial cost. In this direction the 1927 Daimler scores greatly, for the simple reason that its design has eliminated so many features from which trouble is most likely to be experienced. By substituting a smooth and silent sliding motion for the damaging and noisy hammer-and-anvil action of the poppet valve, the sleeves remove at once both the chief source of wear and the principal cause of troublesome adjustment. The sleeve-valve never requires either grinding or any other form of attention. So far from wearing out, its large surfaces run themselves into a more intimate contact and a more perfect finish, which shows up in the vicinity of the ports as a brilliant but dark-hued gloss. One of the most important advantages of the sleeve-valve engine is the absence of the springs on which poppet valves depend for one part of their movement. The sleeves are operated by connecting rods, and are thus as positive as the piston in their action in both directions. This not only eliminates the spring with its attendant liability to breakage and high-speed valve chattering, but also removes the delicate tappets which are a constant cause of troublesome adjustment and source of ever-increasing noise.

Reduction of wear and tear to the minimum is not the only advantage of the Daimler sleeve-valve engine, which has the further advantage of possessing an absolutely pocketless combustion chamber. As is well known, valve pockets not only decrease the efficiency of an engine by loss of heat through their extensive surfaces, but they are prone to cause detonation, and thereby to set up a form of knocking that is both unpleasant to the user and detrimental to the engine. In the sleeve-valve engine, perfect combustion of the mixture is assisted by the central position of the ignition plug from which the nucleus flames engendered by the spark are carried like burning torches quickly to all parts of the chamber. There is an ideal simplicity about the Daimler cylinder head with its central ignition plug, and the fact that the cylinder heads themselves are so easily detachable greatly facilitates the decarbonization of the surface on the rare occasions when this may become necessary.

An extremely interesting system of dual ignition is one of the features which specially appealed to me. The magneto or the battery can be brought into action as required by merely moving a switch. Hitherto, only the most expensive cars have been fitted with dual ignition, but it is so widely recognized as a desirable precaution that it has been incorporated on all the 1927 Daimlers. Both systems operate over the entire speed range and either can be used as preferred. There is no perceptible difference in their practical effect, but the battery ignition gives a full strength spark that is independent of engine speed and is, therefore, an absolute assurance of quick starting and perfect slow-speed running.

Economy in fuel consumption appeals very strongly to every car-owner, and the 1927 Daimler is especially interesting because the driver is provided with means whereby he can exercise ready control over the amount of petrol flow from the float chamber to the jets, and also over the temperature of the cooling water in the cylinder jackets. There is an intimate connexion between these two things, maximum economy of fuel consumption being only possible when the engine is hot. When the engine is cold, a more liberal supply of petrol is essential in order to compensate for the weakening of the mixture due to condensation on the surfaces of the induction pipe and to the possibly imperfect combustion of the petrol in the mixture that enters the cylinders. The very necessary variation of supply is achieved by the movement of the "economy lever" on the steering column, which thus enables the driver to adapt the carburetter instantly to suit the prevailing conditions; the temperature of the cooling water being indicated to him by a thermometer upon the radiator. In order to insure easy starting, however cold the weather and however long the car has been standing idle, a small primer, connected with the economy lever, not only primes the cylinder with a rich mixture, but also with oil, thus eliminating any trouble arising through dryness if the engine has been out of use for a long time.

The Daimler four-wheel brake system is one of the most important features of the 1927 car from the driver's point of view, their remarkably even grip, resulting from their perfectly balanced action, giving a degree of safety that enables better use to be made of the power of the engine and a higher average speed to be maintained without transgressing "Safety First" as the all-important rule of the road. One fact that will appeal specially to the owner-driver regarding this brake system is that the driver is relieved of the fatigue of applying high pressure to the brake pedal. An auxiliary mechanism that derives its power from the engine is employed in such a way as to increase the braking force by an amount proportional to the driver's own effort. While the brake is very light in action it retains the sensitiveness of personal control which is so essential to safety and comfort.

E. T. BROWN.

FINANCE—PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

THE EXCHEQUER AND THE COAL CRISIS

BY ARTHUR W. KIDDY.

In the course of the discussion last month between members of the Government and the miners and officials Mr. Winston Churchill said:—

> "The question of giving any financial help to the industry has long passed out of the sphere of practical politics. We gave £23,000,000. That was the end—absolutely the end. Nothing in the nature of a subsidy, however small, however temporary, and nothing in the nature of a loan by the Government will be possible to us now."

To ascertain whether these words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was the mere language of tactics to emphasize the uselessness of miners or owners prolonging the dispute in the hope of obtaining further aid from the Government, or whether they were dictated by sheer necessity, it is only necessary to turn to the latest figures of the National Accounts themselves. In a sense, of course, the use of the words may have been inspired by a desire—a very wise desire—that the struggle should not be protracted through either side indulging in false hopes, but even so, they gain emphasis when it is recognized that they were also justified by the state of the Exchequer or, in other words, the taxpayers' resources. The whole position can, indeed, be set out in very simple fashion.

RISE IN EXPENDITURE.

In view of the heavy expenditure for the past fiscal year there was considerable disappointment in many quarters that in his Budget for the current year Mr. Churchill should have been only able to estimate for a decline of about £6,500,000 in the Expenditure, although the year only included about £3,000,000 of subsidy compared with about £19,000,000 in the preceding year. So far, however, from this decrease having been achieved even in part during the first half of the year, the National Accounts published up to August 28th show that there was an actual increase of £5,000,000.

REDUCED REVENUES.

That, however, is only one side of the picture. After providing for the estimated increase in Expenditure of

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To talk of many things;
Of ships and shoes and sealing-wax,
Of cabbages and kings."
—ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

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Edited by LEONARD HUXLEY, LL.D.

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TWELVE YEARS AGO: A DESPATCH-RIDER AT MONS. By George S. Owen.
LITERARY ACROSTIC No. 43.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY.

£6,500,000, Mr. Churchill budgeted for a surplus of about £4,000,000 which was largely obtained through estimating an expansion in the Revenue of £12,688,000. Up to the present, however, the Revenue, so far from showing any part of this increase, has declined by no less than £26,500,000, so that it has been a case of the candle being burned at both ends. It is true that a part of the increased Revenue was expected to accrue later in the year from new taxes imposed, but, even so, and assuming that the coal output is resumed ere long, it is clear that the position of the Exchequer has been severely affected by the great strike followed by the prolonged coal stoppage, and it must not be forgotten that at the time of the Budget Mr. Churchill gave a very clear intimation that any prolonged industrial dispute must almost inevitably involve an increase in both direct and indirect taxation.

I have drawn attention to this particular aspect of the effect of the coal stoppage because while gladly recognizing the power of the British people, including the wage earners, to make up for lost time, I believe we rely far too much upon those reserve forces, and, equally, that we fail to recognize that there are some mistakes, the consequences of which it is not always possible fully to retrieve. Indeed, if this were not true, one of the impelling forces making for strenuous and consistent effort would be lacking.

Taxation Fears.

There are at least two directions in which the effect of the coal stoppage or coal strike may be more far-reaching than is at present perceived. If there should not be an instant return to work on the part of the miners, followed by a new spirit in industry calculated not only to improve the general trade position but to swell the National Revenues, the possibility of increased taxation has to be faced, although, as a matter of fact, we know that even the present weight of taxation is handicapping industrial activities and our power to compete with other countries less heavily taxed. Here, then, we have a kind of cumulative process at work which tends to handicap recuperative powers even when Labour itself may have more clearly perceived the requirements of the situation.

Monetary Policy.

There is, however, another direction in which the effect of the injury inflicted by the coal stoppage may bring other difficulties in its train. The reduction in our general exports as a consequence of trade depression and purchases of foreign coal in place of exports of English coal, may, conceivably, affect very materially the Foreign Exchanges in the coming autumn, and if, to protect the position, dearer money rates should result, that circumstance will not be a helpful one for industry. The position, of course, is that in all our financial and business arrangements we are, or we should be, an economic unity, and, to maintain gold standards, to maintain, indeed, our general position of solvency, to say nothing of our power to add to our wealth, it is necessary that all sections of the community should be pulling their full strength in the boat. If, as is undoubtedly the case, the chief cause of falling exports and adverse exchanges is to be found in the action and attitude of Labour over a considerable period, then it is inconsistent and worse than useless to describe any rise in money rates as being due to monetary policy. If such an event *should* occur —I do not say that it will—there may certainly be a policy, but it will be a policy rendered necessary by circumstances wholly beyond the control of monetary authorities.

The Only Way.

The whole moral of the position would seem to be this. Because of certain inequalities in the matter of wages, and because, very probably, of some injustices in this or that direction, a prolonged revolutionary movement against economic and financial principles as a whole has been in progress for some years past, and instead of subjecting all our attempts at reforms to an adequate recognition of the inexorable requirements of these economic and financial principles, we have endeavoured to dodge them at many points in subservience to the requirements of so-called political and social expediency. There can, however, be no return either to financial prosperity or social order until these principles have once more been accepted as constituting the only possible foundation of our financial and industrial activities.

FINANCIAL NOTES

Continued Optimism.

With the coal crisis manifestly at a critical stage it is not surprising that business on the Stock Markets should have been restricted during the past week. Equally, however, the comparative steadiness of prices has tended to confirm the underlying optimism which has prevailed throughout. Perhaps the slackest markets have been those for gilt-edged securities, but that circumstance, in itself, affords confirmation of the more hopeful views concerning the industrial outlook. The increased number of miners returning to work, a greater disposition to look economic facts in the face, and, it may be hoped, preparations also by certain industries to bring about improved and more economical methods of working, have all encouraged hopes that the tide of industrial depression is receding. If, however, hopes in this direction should be fulfilled, it is recognized that there may be a transfer of activity from fixed interest stocks to industrial and more speculative securities. With the prospect, on the one hand, of large lines of gilt-edged stocks being offered before the close of the year, and with the likelihood, on the other hand, of any revival of industry requiring a good deal in the way of fresh capital, it is not surprising that there should be a tendency to regard British Funds and kindred stocks as sufficiently high, even though there may be no reason to anticipate any material decline.

* * * *

Revival in Oil Shares.

It is always difficult—it might be said impossible—to discern those directions in which speculative activity in markets is most likely to break out. At the present moment, although it cannot be said that speculation is really active in any department of the Stock Exchange, there have been unmistakable signs during the past few weeks of a much greater interest in the shares of Oil companies than has been manifested for a very long time past. How far imagination may have been fed by the temporary lack of oil fuel, by the boom in the motor industry—to say nothing of the reports of scarcity of oil some few years ahead—it would be difficult to say, but during the past week or two the rise in Oil shares has been pronounced, the outstanding features being the rise in Anglo-Persian, Burmah and Lobitos. The following table shows the current quotations of the shares of a few leading companies, comparison being made with the highest and lowest quotations of the year :—

	August 31st	Highest and lowest 1926.	
Anglo-Persian	5 3/16	5 3/16	3 7/8
Brit. Controlled. Com. ..	8/-	17/6	7/6
Do. Pfd.	10/-	18/1 1/2	10/-
Burmah	5 1/2	7 3/32	4 7/8
Lobitos	7 5/16	7 5/16	5 1/2
Mexican Eagle Ord. ..	20/4 1/2	25/3	17/3
Phœnix £1 Shares	19/6	21/3	17/1 1/2
Royal Dutch	32 9/16	36 1/2	30 1/8
Shell Ord.	4 1/2	5 1/8	4 5/16
V.O.C. Holding	3 1/4	3 1/2	3 3/32

From the foregoing it will be seen that in the case of Anglo-Persian and Lobitos the present quotations are the highest touched this year. Nowadays, too, when there is greater activity, no matter whether in the Oil, the Rubber, or the Mining Market, a good feature is the extent to which shares are taken up and paid for, owing to the lack of the full pre-War contango facilities.

* * * *

Newspaper Profits.

Not the least important feature of the various sections of the Harmsworth Press has been the remarkable ability displayed throughout on the business side. At the recent annual meeting of the Amalgamated Press a remarkably prosperous state of affairs was disclosed, having regard to the conditions of general trade depression under which the profits have been earned. In justice to the organization, however, it is only right to recognize that the financial record has been consistently good throughout. During the past year there was a further increase in the profits, the Reserve Fund was further strengthened and the Chairman, Sir George Sutton, was able to refer to some important prospective features with regard to the company's publications. Nor, I think, was it inconsistent, either with sound management or the prospect of future dividends, that Sir George should have emphasized the many difficulties under which industry is suffering to-day, and which affects newspaper and, indeed, all enterprises. To be forewarned, however, is to be forearmed, and, just as the original success of the business was due to the shrewd foresight of its founders in things pertaining to the tastes and require-

ments of the public, so the disposition to-day is manifestly not to be content with past laurels, but to continue to look ahead.

* * * *

BANKS AND THE PUBLIC.

I must congratulate Lloyds Bank upon having published a really attractive brochure explaining to the man in the street the advantages of a banking account, and the many useful services performed by the banks for their customers. The brochure is entitled, *How to Use a Bank*, and it has a pithy little preface by Mr. Hartley Withers. How to open and keep a banking account, the circumstances under which the bank is prepared to make advances, together with other banking facilities, are dealt with in simple and direct fashion, which tends to bring home to everyone the useful functions performed by our banks. I hope that similar brochures will be published by all the banks throughout the country, for I am wedded to the belief that a good deal more might be done in stimulating thrift throughout the country if the usefulness of the banks and their readiness to aid the very small depositor were more clearly recognized.

A. W. K.

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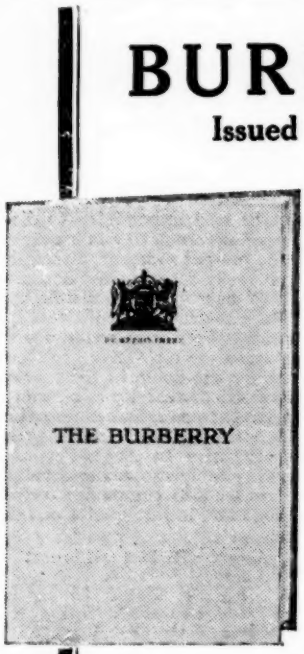

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Scientific Application of Electricity

REMARKABLE RESULTS.

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Undoubtedly the most important discoveries of the Twentieth Century have to do with Electricity. This mysterious power is daily being forced to yield yet another of its secrets. We look to Electricity, quite rightly, to solve the greater number of the social problems of the age.

Above all, we must look to Electricity to provide the cure for many of the diseases and ills from which we suffer. This is not a mere guess, for Science has discovered that our bodies are composed of *Solid Electricity*—that human beings are *Electrical Machines.*

Matter in every one of its multitudinous forms is a manifestation of electrical action—that is, it consists of countless electrons in perpetual revolution round nuclei, thus forming an aggregation of trillions of minute solar systems. Variations in matter arise from the fact that the positive and negative units of electricity composing it differ in their proportions.

We human beings, seeing that our bodies consist of matter, must consequently be composed of electricity. This fact has enabled Science to discover how the human Electrical Machine works. The brain is the electrical heart; half the current we generate passes through the nerves—this is negative electricity. The other half passes chemically through the blood. This is positive electricity. As long as this dual type of circulation continues we live—when it ceases we die.

If we are to retain our youth as long as possible we must generate sufficient electricity to keep all our functions properly working.

Many of our functions can cease to operate without interfering with the main shaft of the human electrical machine. Our hold on life is so tenacious that Nature, as we grow older, and the amount of electricity we generate slowly declines, in order to conserve power for the main shaft, withdraws electricity from the least necessary parts of our body. This causes the painful illnesses of old and middle age—Neuritis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Headache, Toothache, and all other aches and disabilities.

Science for some time past has been striving to find a means of replacing artificially the electricity we lack. Mr. O. Overbeck, F.R.S.A., F.G.S., F.P.S., &c., of Chantry House, Grimsby, has invented a machine called a "Rejuvenator," which is so constructed that it supplies electricity (without any "needly" sensation being experienced) to the brain centre, and to the parts of the body locally affected as well. Take Gout, for example. A map of the brain shows that the cells actuating our toes are on the crest of the head. By means of the Rejuvenator, we can apply the electricity to the crest of the head, and re-energise the lazy toe cells. Then we pass the current over the part affected. The pain will cease in a few minutes, and the inflammation commence to abate. Pain is nothing but a call for electricity from a particular area of the brain. When this area has been charged, and some of the electricity drawn to the part affected by local application, the pain ceases and the illness is banished.

The wonderful cures of heart and kidney troubles, and of the distressing ailments mentioned above, which the Rejuvenator has effected in large numbers of cases, as numerous remarkable testimonials show, prove that the above theory is true by practical tests.

By the daily use of a Rejuvenator for a few minutes not only do we keep ourselves free from pain, but the presence of more electricity in our systems gives us a feeling of youth, and restores the cheerful outlook on life that is only possible when we are fit. The machine is entirely independent of outside sources of electrical supply, and can be used anywhere.

Mr. Overbeck will be pleased to send a book fully describing his highly important invention, which is neither costly to buy nor to run, on receipt of stamp, mentioning the *Spectator*, addressed to him at Chantry House, Grimsby.

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COMPANY MEETING.

THE AMALGAMATED PRESS (1922), LIMITED.

THE IMPORTANCE OF ADVERTISING.

SIR GEORGE A. SUTTON'S SPEECH.

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of The Amalgamated Press (1922), Limited, was held on August 27th at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Sir George A. Sutton, Bt. (chairman of the company), presided.

The Secretary (Mr. J. R. Sumpter, A.C.I.S.), having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said:—Gentlemen, I assume the report and accounts will, as usual, be taken as read.

We meet to-day under the shadow of the gravest industrial depression this country has experienced for generations, with unemployment returns higher than ever, and business closing down daily.

The report which we have the pleasure to place before you to-day includes the period of the general strike, during which period the business of the company was at a complete standstill for a fortnight. Owing, however, to efficient organization, and hard work, it was possible to make up for one of the lost weeks. Otherwise, the effect on the business would have been more serious.

The report does not, of course, reflect in any way the calamitous coal strike, which has continued ever since the general strike. The damage already inflicted we can partly estimate, but who can foretell the ultimate evil consequences upon our national trade of an industrial upheaval of this nature? Never in the history of this business have we had to face conditions so adverse as those of the last four months. These conditions are known to you all. Take the coal strike alone. It is obvious that with over a million miners out of work in districts where our publications usually have huge sales, the loss in revenue to us must be considerable. The miners are great readers; they buy educational publications on a considerable scale, and I am pleased to testify that we seldom make bad debts among them. So we have a special reason for hoping that they will all soon be back at work again.

Having in mind, then, the adverse conditions mentioned, there is reason for satisfaction with the report we are able to place before you.

The profits, as you will have seen, amount to £542,238 18s. 10d.

INVESTMENTS.

First a word as to your investments, which I dealt with last year. Owing to the company's large paper requirements your directors keep in close touch with the paper-making industry. Leading authorities in this industry view with concern the depletion of the world's pulpwood reserves brought about by the present huge demand for newsprint and the large increase in the production of artificial silk. On this account a paper-making undertaking that owns large timber limits from which to draw its pulpwood seemed to your directors to offer a promising field for investment.

We therefore subscribed for 10,000 7 per cent. Preference shares of $100 each in the Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills, Limited, a new company formed with Lord Rothermere as its president. Ten dollars per share have been paid up and the balance of $90.00 per share is payable by instalments during 1927. The company has ample funds to provide for these payments. In consideration of subscribing for these Preference shares we shall receive a bonus of 4,000 Ordinary shares.

The Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Company has acquired vast timber limits on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River. These limits cover an area of approximately 2,237 square miles, and the quantity of pulpwood on them is estimated to be sufficient to produce 5,000,000 tons of paper, which is equivalent to 45 years' production of the proposed paper mill.

The Preference shares will give a satisfactory yield and the holding of the Ordinary shares will insure that we participate in the prosperity of the new company.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Despite the troubles to which I have referred, there are several noteworthy points in connexion with the year's work that illustrate the marvellous vitality of our great organization.

We have launched many new publications—notably *Music Masterpieces*, a superb work issued in conjunction with Mr. William Allen, chairman of the well-known firm of music publishers, Messrs. Ascherberg, Hopwood and Crew, Limited. This publication is one of our biggest successes, despite the fact that at a critical stage it had to encounter the setback of the general strike.

We have produced also three high-class literary and pictorial works in *The World's Great Books*, *The Children's Colour Book of Lands and Peoples*, and *Wonderful London*.

The circulations of many of your older publications are in excess of last year's figures. Our old friend *Answers*, now in its thirty-ninth year, still maintains its position as the leader of popular periodicals, and registers a very gratifying increase of circulation on the same period last year.

The editor of *Answers*, always on the lookout for novel features, has just completed arrangements with Mr. Edgar Wallace, author of that strikingly successful play *The Ringer*, to tell the story of the play in serial form. "The Ringer" begins in *Answers* early in October and advertisers may be certain of a largely increased circulation on account of this unique fiction feature.

COMPANY MEETING.

There has also been very considerable expansion in your magazines and periodicals that sell to women. *Home Chat* has reached a higher figure, in company with *Home Companion* and *Woman's Pictorial*. *Woman's Weekly* continues to add to its already vast assembly of readers, and has now the largest circulation of any woman's magazine or periodical published in this country.

Your fashion papers, too, show considerable improvement; all are higher in circulation than last year, particularly *Mab's Fashions*, which is now unquestionably the leading fashion journal. And we have added *Mab's Children's Fashions* and *Modern Weekly* to our already long list of publications that cater for the feminine market.

These facts are very satisfactory—particularly to advertisers—as showing the enormous hold our publications have in the country, and they are especially satisfactory having regard to the buffeting they have had to face the last few months.

ADVERTISING THE LIFE-BLOOD OF INDUSTRY.

I have now to draw your attention to what constitutes, I think, a very noteworthy and gratifying achievement. Once again, despite the adverse conditions to which I have already referred, the revenue from advertisements in your publications has beaten all previous records. This fact speaks for itself. There is no more striking testimony to the very high esteem in which your magazines and periodicals are held by advertisers and their agents. Taken together, the Amalgamated Press publications constitute a selling organization—a stupendous publicity machine—unrivalled, I believe, in the whole world. Their "hold" upon all classes of the public in all parts of the country is now unshakeable, and the ever-increasing demand for advertisement space is but the natural outcome of the wide and profitable business which they have brought—and will continue to bring—to the great advertisers of this country.

Though every year the advertising horizon expands, we have, I believe, done little more yet than touch the fringe of possibilities; for realization grows steadily among manufacturers and commercial firms that advertising is the very life-blood of industrial prosperity. In the wide expansion of advertising which must yet come about, it is quite certain that a great group of publications such as yours, penetrating into every hamlet of the kingdom, and deeply rooted in the affections of readers, is destined to play an ever larger part.

NEW DIRECTORS.

During the year we have elected two new directors to the board—Mr. A. R. Linforth and Mr. S. J. Brown.

Mr. A. R. Linforth has been in the service of the firm for some 25 years, and has thoroughly earned his directorship, and if he is anything like as successful in the conduct of the affairs of this company as his brother, my colleague the vice-chairman, the company can congratulate itself on an acquisition to the board. (Hear, hear.)

The other director, though he has not been in the service of the firm for many years, has shown great qualification for the post, and his election is a testimony to the fact that the board is always ready to recognize merit, even aside from length of service.

I now move:—"That the report of the directors produced, together with the annexed statement of the company's accounts at the 30th June, 1926, be received, approved, and adopted, and that a final dividend for the year of 2s. per share, less income-tax at 4s. in the £, be now declared upon the Ordinary shares."

I will ask Mr. LINFORTH (vice-chairman) to second the resolution.

Mr. ARTHUR E. LINFORTH (vice-chairman): Gentlemen, I beg to second that resolution.

The CHAIRMAN: Have shareholders any questions to ask?

"WONDERFUL RECORD OF SUCCESS."

The Amalgamated Press, Limited, has a comparatively short but a wonderful record of success, and the best traditions of that period of unbroken success are, we know, being safeguarded by the present directorate. Mr. A. R. Linforth and Mr. S. James Brown are to be heartily congratulated on their appointment as directors, and we wish them many years of enjoyment of their new dignities. You, sir, have referred to extracts from the report, of which I should like to repeat two: "It is impossible for a large manufacturing business to continue to make progress under such difficult conditions, and it is hoped that the much-needed industrial peace will not be long delayed. In the circumstances the directors consider that the balance-sheet is a very satisfactory one." I should like to be the mouthpiece of this meeting in assuring you that the shareholders heartily agree with this. We warmly congratulate you on the report and desire to offer you, Mr. Chairman, and your colleagues, every evidence of our continued confidence. (Applause.)

Mr. CHARLES STEELE.—Sir George, I should like to support the remarks which have been made by the last speaker and I content myself with doing so quite briefly because the facts which surround us here to-day are, I am sure, sufficiently eloquent. After all, speaking as a very old shareholder in this company and its predecessors, I think I may say that what we have heard from the board to-day is very little more than we expected. (Laughter and applause.)

The resolution for the adoption of the report and accounts and the payment of the dividend was unanimously carried.

On the proposition of Mr. H. LE CREN CLARKE, seconded by Mr. CHARLES STEELE, the auditors (Messrs. Turquand, Youngs and Co. and Messrs. E. Layton Bennett, Sons, and Co.) were reappointed.

The CHAIRMAN.—That, gentlemen, concludes the business of the meeting. With regard to the kind remarks of the two shareholders who spoke, I can only hope that the conditions during the coming year will give the board a better chance. (Applause.)

The proceedings then terminated.

Rates for Prepaid Classified Advertisements

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Principal: Miss E. C. HIGGINS, B.A.

The Michaelmas Term commences on Thursday, September 30th, 1926. The College prepares Women students for the London Degrees in Science and Arts. Ten Entrance Scholarships, from £40 to £80 a year, and several Exhibitions of not more than £35, tenable for three years, will be offered for competition in March, 1927. For further particulars apply to The Secretary, Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, Surrey.

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(University of London).
Berners Street, Oxford Street, W. 1.

THE WINTER SESSION OPENS ON OCTOBER 1ST.

Students wishing to enter the Medical School should apply for accommodation as early as possible.

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Students are also prepared for the Pre-Medical Examination in Chemistry and Physics.

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Research Funds of over £25,000.

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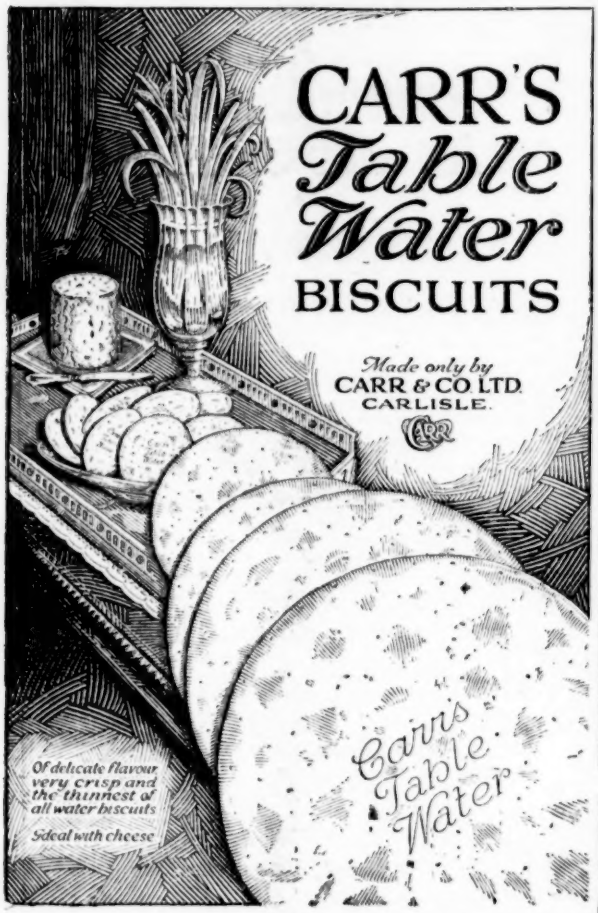

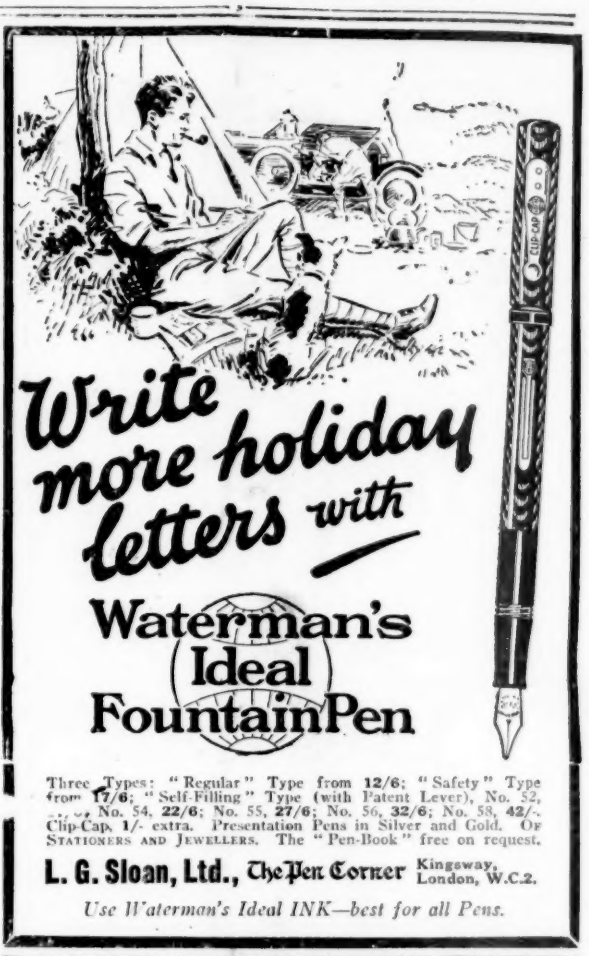

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The Spectator

No. 5,124. WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1926. PRICE 6D

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